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GEORGE W. MATSELL & CO., EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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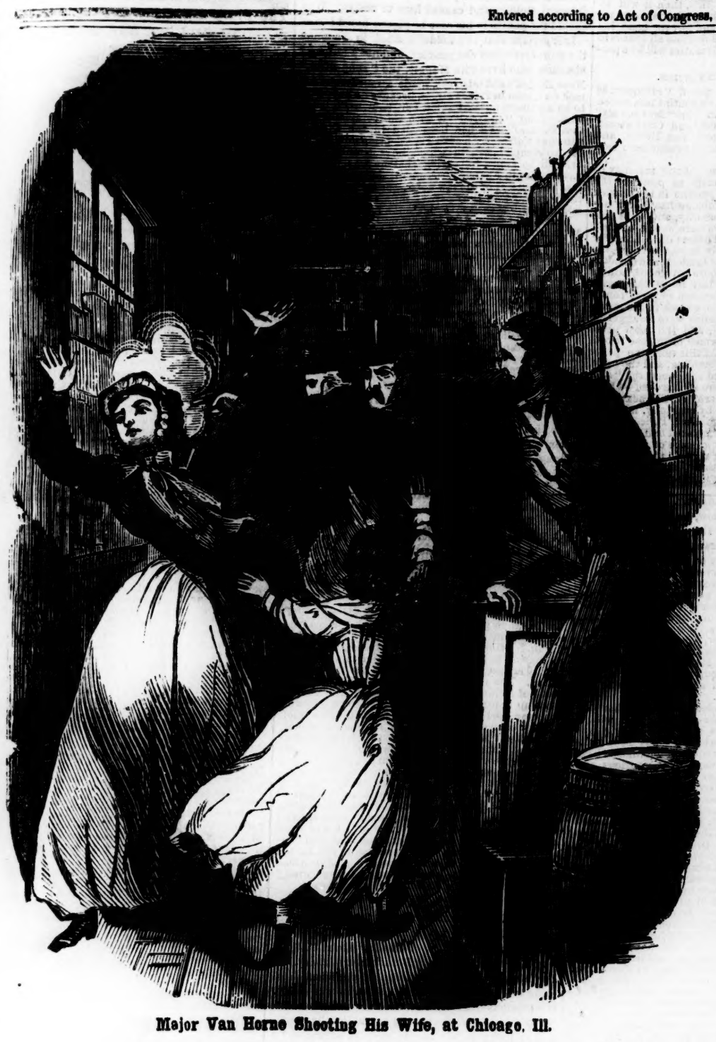


Major Van Horne Shooting His Wife, at Chicago, Ill.

"Sports of the Ring," as Exhibited in the Councilmanic Chamber, New York.

THE

CITY FATHERS ON A RAMPAGE.

A Legislator Hurls an Inkstand at the Head of a Presiding Officer.

The Coal-black Fluid Washes the Celebrity's Shirt Bosom and Facial Angles

A Section of the 26th Precinct Police Summoned to the Rescue.

A MOB OF RUFFIANS THRONG THE LOBBY.

They "Cry Havoc" to the "Dogs of War."

Pistols Drawn and Murder Threatened.

The "Metropolitans" Arrest the Councilmanic ex-Clerk and President.

They are Marched to the Station House with a "Rough" Procession at their Back.

The Mayor Officiates as Magistrate in the Case.

The Offenders Ordered to Give Bonds to Keep the Peace.

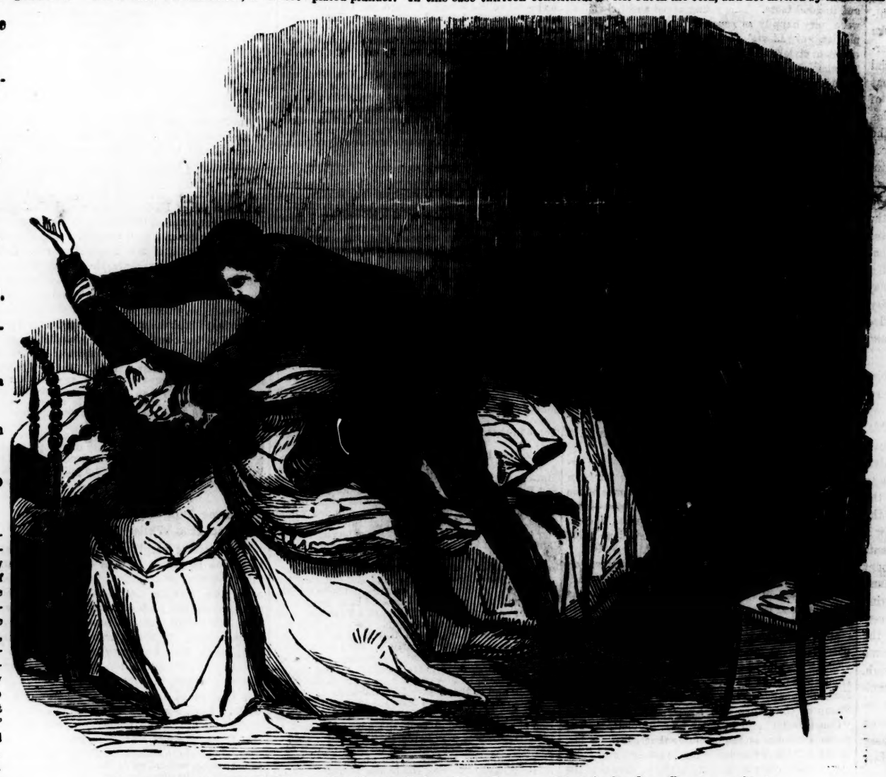
The Board of Councilmen of this city lately furnished a *striking* illustration of their more high-mettled individualities as a deliberative body. They have long since been manifesting developments of a decidedly high-flavored character. Not only have they shown a cruel unfamiliarity with the first principles of Lindley Murray, but they have come up to the deliberations of the City Council Chamber, rankly fragrant with the odor that accrues from confidential relations with the metropolitan porter-house and gin-mill. Civic and personal dignity have long since been at a melancholy discount in the official consultations of the Board. We speak not now of the business manipulations of the "ring," by which the city treasury is systematically and openly plundered under the mask of legislation. These Councilmanic practices have become chronic. Municipal robbery has been brought down from the abstractions of mere decorous science to an absolutely practical utilitarian art, and raids have come to be as regularly made upon the metropolitan funds, as ordinances come up before the "City Fathers" for legislative deliberation. These operations have become patent to the most careless observer, and are conducted with such reckless grossness as to excite neither curiosity or surprise. We say we speak not of these things, but we speak rather of that burlesque on all legislative qualifications, more recently presented by the intellectual and moral developments of our eminent Board of Councilmen.

A casual glance at the general position and form of attitudinizing of our junior Board of Legislators, when in grave deliberation, is quite sufficient to settle their spiritual status. The perfect *abandon* of posture there visible, would inflame the genius of a landscape artist. The heavily loaded faces, the not less heavy brown lines, describing a curvature from the corner of their mouths to the centre of their lips, and expressing a confidential familiarity with the salivary essence of the best of old Virginia's staple, the well-stored lumbar regions and the obese physiognomies in general that there present themselves, would together form a group for which it would be difficult for the most accomplished painter to find a suitable centre-piece. Discharges of the genuine elixir of the first quality of the fine cut narcotic are on "the full tide of successful experiment" on every side, and one can scarcely glance in any direction without encountering the bold demonstrations of a genuine "scientific squirt." The comfortably folded nether limbs of the legislators, sometimes elevated to an angle of several degrees with their heads, intensifies immeasureably the attractiveness of the general scene, and when to this we add their collective muddled intelligence, gravely fumbling over documents whose subject they cannot comprehend, and repeating language they cannot define or even spell, one would suppose the *ne plus ultra* of legislative absurdity had been finally reached. But that is a mistake. There is still a deeper deep of Councilmanic absurdity than any yet heretofore outlined, and that lower deep was revealed, with a good deal of distinctive fullness, at a meeting of the Board of Councilmen on Thursday of last week.

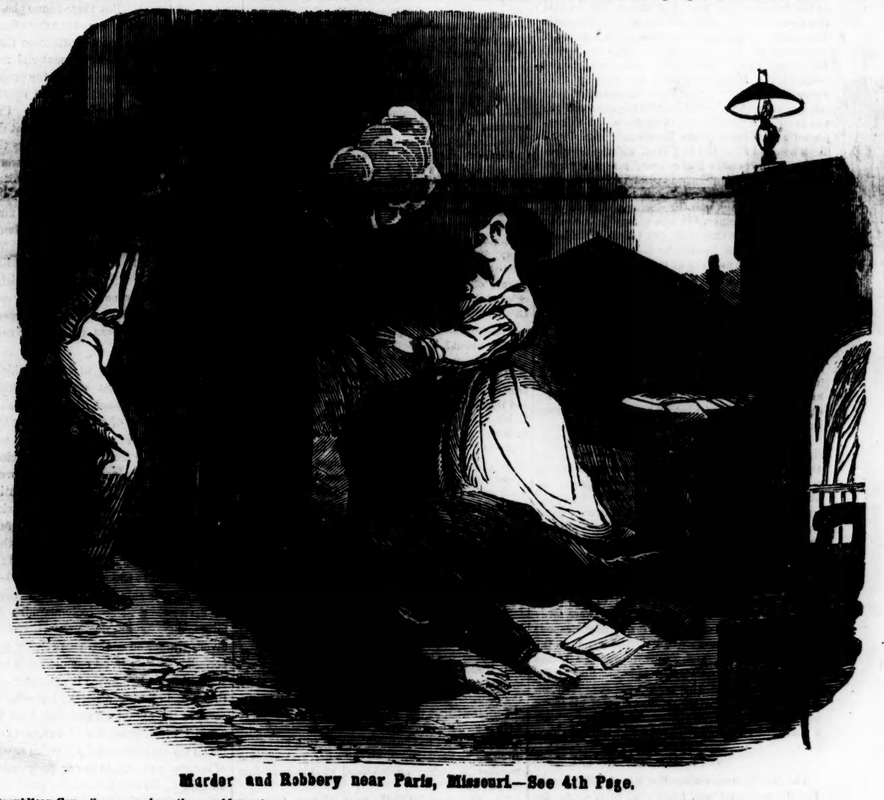
To present this latest revelation with satisfactory clearness, it will be necessary to go back a little. As is well known, the old Board went out of office with the expiration of the past year, and an entire new one came in with the beginning of the present year. This circumstance of course involved a new organization of the Board, with new arrangements and programmes for the distribution of the spoils. The political divisions of the present Board, as elected, stood fifteen Democrats and ten Republicans, thus giving the former a clear control of all the stakes involved. The first step, therefore, in the premises was for the ascendant Democrats to meet and "fix things" with reference to the reorganization. Under such circumstances, it is not considered desirable by the leaders to have the controlling "ring" consist of more members than is practically necessary to compass all desired ends, as the more there are beyond that number, the more there will be between whom to divide the contemplated plunder. In this case thirteen constitutes a clear majority of the board, and though the Democrats had elected fifteen, yet the "powers behind the throne" declined to take into their confidence any more than the necessary thirteen. Councilmen Flynn and Segar, both Democrats, were uniformly left out in the cold, and not invited by the leaders to their preliminary caucuses.

These caucuses were duly held, in which Councilmen Stacom and Long figured as master spirits. It was at first covertly hinted that Mr. Brinkman, another Democratic councilman, was not wanted in the confidential consultations, as the "ring" leaders had a Republican Councilman on whom they could count to make up the desired thirteen in case of emergency. Yet, to provide for all possible contingencies, these "ring" leaders continued to coquet with Mr. Brinkman to keep him "sweet." But Brinkman had a nose of his own and smelt in advance the peculiar quality of this "ring" flavor with singular exactness. At length, however, the time for holding the final caucus of the "ring" came. This time occurred a week ago last Saturday, when, suddenly, it was discovered that the weak-kneed Republican could not be relied upon, whereupon Mr. Brinkman was plied more vigorously than ever to enter the "ring"—help make up the needful thirteen and "share and share alike" in the prospective spoils. Like a good Democrat Brinkman went into this caucus, and there pledged himself to abide by its decisions. All of these gentry, it is said, there vowed to each other by a solemn oath to stand by each other through thick and thin, and support the nominees of the caucus. The circumstance connected with this mutual oath furnishes the most abundant evidence of the confidence these "ring" leaders have in each other, and the ample securities they take that one shall not betray the other. It is said "there is honor among thieves," which restrains them from "going back on each other." But our latest Councilmanic edition have no faith in each other, even when acting as friends on a subject involving a common interest, without exacting from each other the most stringent oath as a security. The oath was accordingly administered and taken by all the "ring" members in caucus.

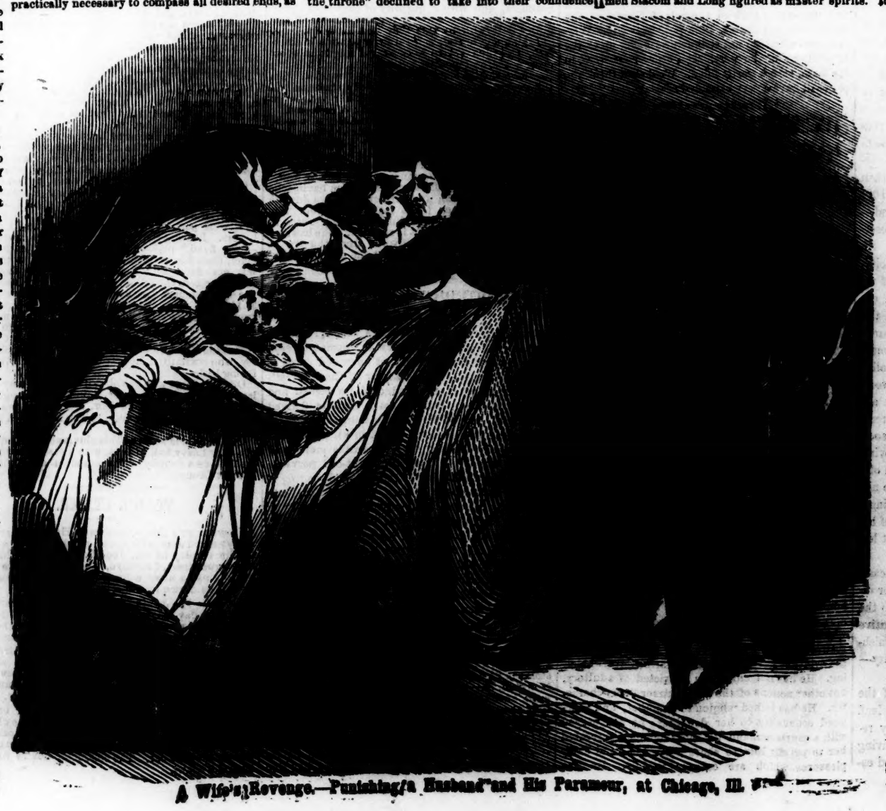
After the oath had been thus taken by each and all of the thirteen, Brinkman included, the thoughtful body proceeded to the great business of the



Handley Choking His Wife to Death, at Cairo, Ill.—From a Sketch by Our Correspondent.



Murder and Robbery near Paris, Missouri.—See 4th Page.



A Wife's Revenge.—Punishing a Husband and His Paramour, at Chicago, Ill.

Slung Shot Found Where the Burglar, Leonard, Entered.

Arrest of the Burglar, Leonard, by Officer Adams, at 146 Rivington Street.

meeting, and nominated candidates for President of the Board, for Clerk, Messenger and Doorkeeper. Upon due deliberation, Councilman Stacom was nominated for President, and Ex-Councilman Haggerty was agreed upon as the candidate for Clerk. This Councilman Stacom is a legislator from the Sixth Ward, and is "sicklied" all over with associations of the simon pure Dead Rabbit variety. His principal backer in the caucus was Councilman Long, a representative from the Fifth Ward, and of whom it is enough to say that he is the right bower of the *distingue* Mike Norton, of Eighth Ward distinction. It may be as well perhaps to state here, that the chief reason why so much importance is attached to the election, especially of a President of this Board, is because the President has the appointment of all the Councilmanic committees for the year, and by packing those committees with a majority of his own especial friends, he can control all the legislation and profitable "jobs" coming before them to his own and his friends' interest. The Clerk, moreover, has the appointment of a bevy of sub-clerks; thus places for the friends of the Chief Clerk are made. Here is where the "little joker" of all this grand commotion lurks. Thus passed off the preliminary "ring" caucus a week ago last Saturday. But this agreeable lull was only the forerunner of a coming

COUNCILMANIC STORM.

The regular election for Councilmanic officers was to come off on the following Monday. But in the meantime, and during the intervening Sunday, Brinkman was approached by the Republican minority, "felt of," and the offer finally made to him (Brinkman) to make him President of the Board, in case he could get two other Democrats besides himself to go for him, who, with the ten Republicans, would make up the requisite majority of thirteen. Brinkman's ambition was inflamed with the prospect, and he readily consented to the conditions of the offer, promising to get the two other necessary Democratic votes. Those votes were attainable in the disaffected Flynn and Segar. These gentry were seen and their assent secured. During all this time, no suspicion was entertained by the "ring" members of the monster that was gathering in the wind. The eventful Monday arrived, when, at the regular hour, a full body of Councilmen was found to be present. The matured plot to break the "ring" slate was only known to the Republican members, and a few of their confidential friends, who were present at the organization of the Board. The house was called to order by the old clerk, who proceeded to call the roll of members. This proceeding being finished, a friend of Stacom, all unsuspecting, arose and nominated that gent for President. At this point a counter-motion came from the other side, proposing Mr. Flynn for temporary chairman. This motion was promptly supported and carried by the ten Republicans, backed up by Brinkman, Segar, and Flynn himself, thus securing the necessary majority. The mask of the conspirators was partially pulled aside. The vote was a test vote, and the friends of Stacom at once saw that the game was up. This triumph of the slate-breakers was promptly followed by a motion by Councilman Roberts, nominating Mr. Brinkman for President of the Board.

The nomination of Stacom for the same office was still pending and undecided. The vote was taken, when Brinkman was elected by the same vote that had made Flynn temporary chairman. The cat was now leaping in full view from under the meal, and intense was the chagrin and bitter, though as yet silent, was the gnashing of teeth at that sudden smash-up of the orthodox "ring" programme. Mr. Brinkman being declared duly elected, a motion was made to appoint a committee to conduct him to the chair. This motion tapped the hitherto suppressed wrath of the defeated Rabbits into a vigorously spouting volume, and it steamed up from its abdominal sources of bad gin and worse morality with dray-horse power. The motion to appoint the committee in Brinkman's interest was bitterly opposed by the friends of the baffled candidate, but beyond this there was little belligerent display at this time. The agony stimulated by the suddenly inflicted wound was too deep for extemporaneous expression. After the transaction of some other unimportant business the Board adjourned for that session. There was indeed a good deal of crimination and recrimination at the result, but no physical violence was resorted to by either of the parties. The unexpected annihilation of the Democratic slate broke like a bomb-shell in the City Hall, and the reverberations were speedily felt in every gin mill, where many of our city legislators spend their time, and for several evenings succeeding the event our local pothouse politicians were discussing the affair in a most exciting manner. It was generally known by the *habitués* of the City Hall, and talked of publicly, that an effort would be made by the defeated Councilmen, at the next meeting of the Board, to oust Mr. Brinkman from the Presidency, by passing a resolution disapproving of the minutes of the previous meeting. And sure enough, on the adjourned day, which was last week, on Thursday, in anticipation of an exciting time, the corridors and all the avenues leading to the chamber of the Board were thronged by a crowd of the unterrified, so that, as may be imagined, when the hour appointed for the meeting had arrived, there was a tremendous rush to the doors of the chamber, which, when opened, was soon uncomfortably filled.

Long before the hour of meeting a section of policemen from the Twenty-sixth Precinct was in attendance in the chamber of the Board, anticipating a row, and they were ready for any emergency. In the lobby of the chamber, the entrance to the room, and for a long distance down the stairway, there were congregated as villainous a looking crowd as the Five Points could vomit up on any day in the year. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that these were the "friends" of the defeated twelve of the Board, whose "slate" was so unmercifully broken on the Monday previous. Suffice it to say, they, like the Metropolitans before mentioned, were ready for any emergency, and there was no lack of weapons among them. They were collected mainly from the Sixth, the Eighth, and Fifth Wards, the homes respectively of the defeated Stacom, his bottle-holder Long, and the renowned Mike Norton. Mike was there in person, at the head of his crowd of "roughs," and evidently bent on "fair play" and a "time." These beauties were on hand for a purpose.

THE BALL OPENS.

The regular hour for meeting was at 2 o'clock P. M. But the new President, Brinkman, anticipating the trouble to which we have already referred, long before the hour of two arrived, made his appearance, entering by the private door. That President certainly had respect for *appearances*. No sooner had he effected his private entrance than, seeing the stormy signs in the air, he forthwith dispatched a messenger for the section of police to which we have already referred, to be on hand in case their services should be required. Here we perceive still further evidence of Councilmanic forecast and prudence. All things being thus in healthy readiness and the hour for commencing business having arrived, President Brinkman called the board to order, after which the new clerk, Mr. John E. Green, proceeded to call the roll. The members all answered quietly to their names, when the clerk proceeded to read the minutes of the previous meeting. This movement by the clerk at once developed the threatened and threatening issue, and opened the first fissure for the escape of the imprisoned elements. A motion was made to dispense with the reading of the minutes, on which a belligerent discussion followed between Councilmen Hartman, Flynn and Stacom.

In the midst of the high debate a mob of members sprang to their feet, till finally, amid a miniature hurricane of "ground and lofty" confusion, the President declared the motion carried. This decision by the President, however, failed to carry the motion. The disaffected still raved. Councilman Hartman, especially, refused to be comforted, and he appealed from the decision of the Chair, remarking that they could expect no better decision from that perjurer and scoundrel (alluding to President Brinkman).

At this point a bevy of other members sprang to their feet, and followed up Hartman's charge with a volley of similar epithets upon the President. The confusion of the Board at this stage of its *legislation* was positively indescribable. It swelled fully up to the level of "confusion worse confounded."

In the midst of the uproar the defeated candidate for President, Councilman Stacom, elevated himself through the howling elements, and said:

"I move to strike from the minutes so much of the same as relates to the election of the President. He is a perjurer, and on this motion I demand the yeas and nays."

Bravo! for Stacom.

But the President was enough for him, and responded:

"The gentleman is out of order, and must take his seat. The question will be on approving the minutes of the preceding meeting. All those in favor will vote aye, contrary no. (Vote taken.) The yeas have it; the minutes are approved."

A member (amid great confusion and excitement)—"I appeal from the decision of the Chair."

The President—"The gentleman must take his seat; he is out of order."

A member—"Where are the rules of the Board?"

The President—"The Board have, as yet, adopted no rules."

At this intensely emotional crisis, a momentary lull ensued, in obedience, doubtless, to nature's proviso, for the repose and recuperation of exhausted nature, during which, the new clerk, Mr. Green, (who, by the way, conducted himself with remarkable coolness from the beginning to the end of the proceedings) read the following list of his new appointments: Wm. T. Chapman, deputy clerk; Thos. Bell, assistant clerk; John Walker, second clerk; E. M. Traphagen, general clerk; Lewis McDermott, engrossing clerk; William J. Stuart, assistant messenger; Cornelius Corson, official reporter.

The foregoing clerical patronage is exclusively in the hands of the chief clerk, and the crossed and thwarted Stacomites sorely bit their classic lips, as they heard the names of these "outside barbarians" read off, as partakers for the coming year of the Councilmanic soup-kettle. But the temporary lull still continued.

When therefore the clerk had finished reading his list of subordinates, Mr. Flynn moved that when the Board adjourned, it would do so to meet in two weeks from that day (Thursday) which was carried.

Councilman Hartman having rested, now again sprang to his feet and said:

"I give notice of a protest against the action of the President on the question brought before him this day. He is a perjurer, a scoundrel, a rascal. I protest against his retaining his seat in this Board. He is a perjurer, and I have the evidence to prove it." [Tempestuous excitement in the Board.]

In the midst of this high-pressure furore, that profound statesman and accomplished orator, Councilman Long, of the Fifth, emerged from his modest obscurity, and loomed up into the forefront of the roaring elements. Fiercely eyeing the President, in the spasms of his patriotic agony, he grasped an inkstand resting on his desk, and hurled it at President Brinkman, ink and all, with the remark, "take that, you scoundrel!"

A member who was sitting near him interposed, saying, "you ought not to have done that." But he did it. The Long Councilman, his eye all the while in a "fine phrenzy rolling," as he levelled his black, metallic missile at his Presidential enemy, apparently aimed at that official's head. But the avenging inkstand missed its mark, and lodged on the wall at the side of the President. It did not prove, however, to be entirely harmless, for the inky contents, on their passage, spouted forth most reckless currents, fairly showering the President's face and shirt-bosom with the dusky fluid, and bespattering and besmearing the Presidential chair and the wall behind it with the vindictive black drops. This certainly came very near being a bloody affair, though the "black drops" then visible in all directions, had a very slight resemblance to blood-red. Perhaps they had in them the quality of that Black Republican blood we read about, in contradistinction from the simon-pure blue Caucasian fluid. Well, that explanation looks plausible.

While the inky drops hung freshly and by the eyelids on the wall, desk, and Presidential face and shirt-bosom, Councilman Stacom rose again, and said: "I leave it to the Republican as well as to Democratic members of this Board to decide that the President is a perjurer——"

A Member—Didn't he take an oath before a magistrate to——

Another Member (sotto voce)—Set down, you ——. Don't you know where you are?

Mr, Stephen Roberts moved that the Board do now adjourn. Pending the presentation of this question, a Derringer revolver was seen to pass from the President's hands to Mr. Charles T. McClenahan, a former clerk of the Board. This was the occasion of a general row. The "roughs" in the lobby jumped over the railing separating them from the body of the chamber; the police were on hand instanter, and a rush was made by Councilman Long for Mr. Brinkman and Mr. McClenachan. Above the general din and confusion, Councilman Long was urging Officer Hallett of the Twenty-sixth Precinct to arrest Mr. Brinkman. Captain Brackett of the Twenty-sixth Precinct, and officer McKinney of the Mayor's Office, then arrested Mr. Brinkman, and officer Hallett arrested Mr. McClenachan.

All hands then proceeded to the station in the basement of the Hall, leaving the Board to adjourn as best it might, where Councilman Long preferred a charge against Mr. Brinkman of carrying a concealed weapon. In answer to the charge Mr. Brinkman stated to the Sergeant in charge, that Judge Hogan had given him permission to carry a pistol, as his (Brinkman's) life had been threatened. Capt. Brackett here appearing, said his Honor, the Mayor, sitting as a magistrate, had decided to hear the case. Accordingly Capt. Brackett took the parties before Mayor Hoffman, who heard the case in his private office. The crowd outside of the Mayor's office at this time must have numbered two hundred, all anxiously awaiting his Honor's decision.

The Mayor—"Well, gentlemen, what is all this trouble about?"

Councilman Long—"Your Honor, Mr. McClenachan drew a pistol on me; I did not see it; my attention was called to it by one of the members of the Board; think it was passed from the President to Mr. Clenachan; I called an officer and had these men arrested, and said to the officer, 'that man (pointing to Mr. McClenachan) has drawn a pistol on me.' Mr. Brinkman, the President of the Board, would not entertain any motion from the Democratic members of the Board. I then threw an inkstand at him, after which the pistol was drawn on me."

Mr. Brinkman appeared before the Mayor with his face and clothing completely spotted with ink.

Mr. Brinkman to the Mayor—"Your Honor, I have been threatened with assassination, and therefore armed myself; I have been threatened to have my life taken. Upon my application to Judge Hogan, representing the facts in the case, his honor gave me permission to carry a weapon for the purpose of defending myself."

The Mayor—"Well, gentlemen, this action in your Board to-day is most disgraceful. Mr. Brinkman, if your life is in danger, you, as President of the Board of Councilmen, have the right to command the protection of the police. How will it look to have it go out to the world that the President of a local legislative body carries a pistol with him while discharging his duties in his Chamber, and another member throwing an inkstand at his presiding officer?"

Mr. Brinkman—"Well, your Honor, the only reason I carried the pistol was to protect myself."

The Mayor to Councilman Long—"You had no right to throw an inkstand at your presiding officer; if his acts are distasteful to you resign your position in the Board. You gentlemen both are in the wrong and are taking the most effective measures to have the Board of Councilmen abolished. Upon the evidence adduced before me I shall hold you both to keep the peace."

The Mayor to Mr. Brinkman and Councilman Long—"This is a pretty pass, one member of the Common Council with an inkstand in his hand, and another with a pistol at his side."

"To Mr. Long—"If you are not satisfied to sit in the Board of Councilmen and to be governed by its acts, why not leave it? don't disgrace yourself by throwing inkstands."

The Mayor to both—"For the sake of the city go to your chamber and transact your business for to-day, and adjourn like men. I have nothing to do with the origin of the quarrel, sitting here as a magistrate, but if you will both pledge me your word that there will be no further trouble between you, it will end the matter. If not, you must give bonds to hold the peace."

Councilman Long—"Well, your Honor, I am willing that there should be no further trouble, but I will not speak to that perjurer (pointing to Mr. Brinkman.) There are better men to-day in Sing Sing prison than he."

The Mayor to Mr. Long—"Will you pledge me your word to use no further violence to Mr. Brinkman?"

Mr. Long—"Yes, sir."

The Mayor to Br. Brinkman—"Mr. Brinkman—No matter what may come, you should not carry a pistol about your person, or in your chamber. Judge Hogan had no right to give you such permission. You can call in the police and they will protect you, if you desire protection. There having been no formal complaint made that the pistol has been drawn on the complainant, you are both discharged on your own recognizance."

Thus endeth the last Councilmanic dramatic lesson.

Since the occurrence of the foregoing City Hall row, the following

CARD FROM COUNCILMAN BRINKMAN

has appeared, addressed to one of the daily papers.

NEW YORK, Saturday, Jan. 12, 1867.

In your recent publication of the proceedings of the Board of Councilmen, and of my being brought before the Mayor, you state that I informed that official that I received permission from Justice Hogan to carry a pistol.

I now wish to state, in justice to Judge Hogan that when I called on him I told him that I had been threatened with personal violence, and asked him to give me an order or permission to carry a pistol. Judge Hogan replied that he had no right or authority to give me an order or permission to carry a pistol; but that I, as every other citizen, had a right to protect myself, and that I was responsible for my acts.

This is the substance of the conversation had with Judge Hogan, and in justice to that gentleman, I respectfully ask its publication.

Respectfully. JAMES G. BRINKMAN,
President Board of Councilmen, 1867.

The National Police Gazette.

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THE
National Police Gazette.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19, 1867.

THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE.—We have before us a statistical statement of the amount of litigation that has been carried on in the courts of Chicago, during the year 1866. It presents unmistakable evidence of the growth of evil-doing in that sensational and socially effervescent locality. A comparison of statistics, for the last few years, clearly shows that litigation and crime, as well as trade, wealth and population, have increased in a fearful ratio. In 1866, litigation in the civil courts increased some sixty-eight per cent. over that of 1865, divorces largely adding to the per centage; and in criminal matters, the indictments and convictions exhibit a similar augmentation. The number of civil suits amounted to 3,955, and in the criminal tribunals 1,021 indictments were presented, resulting in 576 convictions in 1866, as against 851 and 509, respectively, in 1865. The crimes in which there has been the most notable increase were assaults with intent to murder, gaming, receiving stolen goods, larceny, forgery, official corruption, and keeping lewd houses. There were 177 indictments found for the latter offence. However, judging from the current of events transpiring in Chicago during the past year, we are not at all surprised to find the instrumentalities for the indulgence of libidinous appetites so largely increased; for, it must be patent to all who are *au courant* with Chicago life, that in proportion to its population, it is essentially the most profligate and extravagant city, on this continent. But there is one phase of Chicago litigation, which more than any other, speaks emphatically of the moral rottenness that underlies the glittering veneer of material and social prosperity seemingly enjoyed by the people of that thriving town. We allude to the operations of the courts in the matter of divorces. Under this head litigation has been superabundant during the past year. During that period no less than three hundred, lacking eight, divorce suits were instituted in the Superior, Circuit and Recorder's Courts, of the favored "Queen City of the Lakes," and the majority of the applications were made at the instance of petitioners' wives. Almost three hundred divorces in one short year? Truly that is "progress" with a vengeance! At its base lies individual will or vitiated opinion, which we may expect to see growing a pace in every community, with the facilities for procuring divorces afforded by courts such as those of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio.

This slip-shod legal procedure which enables people at will, to cast off their matrimonial responsibilities as though they were soiled gloves, or garments out of fashion is truly lamentable. The whole thing is radically bad, and must inevitably precipitate more or less of social disaster, for it cannot be gainsayed that whatever tends to lessen respect for the solemn obligation of the marriage relation, necessarily is obnoxious to the best interests of society, present and future, for it is the potent bond drawing together the elements of the social fabric. Bearing in mind the amount of population in Chicago—say 200,000—the number of divorce suits instituted in its courts during 1866, rises to a suggestively alarming figure, certainly, far in excess, proportionately, of the divorce litigation of this vast city during the same period. Gotham, in all conscience, is bad enough, and within its limits vice is present in all her multiform and alluring aspects; but even in that regard, to the extent we mention, New York must "pale its ineffectual fires," before the scorching blasts that are perennially blowing across the face of society, as it exists in our progressive western offspring. But we care not to emulate such progress, for it carries in its train, domestic broils—deserted firesides—broken vows—shame—ruin—death.

There is another point to which our attention has been attracted by the statistics before us. They embrace some figures which strengthen our former statements in reference to the spread of intemperance among females. We find that in Chicago, in say a hundred divorce suits, wherein the husbands are the applicants, among the reasons assigned, there is ten per cent. for drunkenness—adultery thirty per cent., desertion forty-five, and other causes fifteen per cent. And then per contra taking a like number of cases (100) where the wives are plaintiffs, the figures stand—drunkenness fifteen per cent., adultery forty, desertion twenty-five, and other causes twenty. So then, it appears as a cause of conjugal infelicity, the men lead the women only five per cent. as regards intemperance, while the latter are in excess of the men some twenty per cent. on the score of desertion. The excess in this last particular no doubt may be attributed in a large measure to ill-assorted unions, and an incongeniality of temperament which becomes apparent so soon as the roseate hues of the honeymoon are absorbed in the grave shadows of matrimonial realities. Or, possibly the tender bride, but too soon discovers that rashly she exchanged the loving security of the parental roof for the thraldom of a legally constituted domestic tyrant, who if he use not physical violence, by persistent "nagging," drives her to distraction, and anywhere out of his hated presence. "Marry in haste—repent at leisure."

The figures before us show that in Chicago during 1866, the number of applications for divorce by wives was 179; that of husbands to the same end—113. But no matter what the relative difference may be, the figures stand there furnishing a glaring record of matrimonial infelicity—conjugal infidelity and domestic shame.

It is to be hoped that, with the opening of the New Year, Chicagoans will turn over a new leaf, which they can preserve unpolluted only by repressing passion, curtailing expenditures, living within the bounds of sensible moderation, and especially by their availing themselves of those moral and religious instrumentalities with which their city is so largely endowed. Unfortunately however, among that community heretofore the old adage has had a but too forcible illustration: "The nearer the church, the further from heaven." But let us hope that the New Year will witness a moral awakening in that prosperous locality, so that while it retains its reputation as the most thriving and progressive city of the Great West, it may cease to be accepted as pre-eminently the most vicious and profligate.

OUR COLUMNS.—The intense interest manifested in the great Stewart divorce case induces us to devote a much larger space to it in our columns than we otherwise would. In consequence thereof, many articles, besides the letters from our correspondents in Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Indianapolis, are necessarily crowded out. As this occurs but rarely, we are sure our readers will bear with us, especially in view of the amount of interesting matter we have given them in this week's issue.

CHOSES DRAMATIQUE.

The musical and dramatic features of the past week give this pleasant phase to the critic: that they have been few and that nothing unusually epic or grand has presented itself for the touch of the critical scalpel, or for unusual praise. In the musical world much more has been done than in the dramatic. The *soirées* of Mad. Parepa and the excellent artists who have been engaged by Mr. Henry Bateman, were pleasant features of last Sunday evening's concerts, and they were hailed by a large and unusually enthusiastic audience at Steinway Hall. Judging by the admirable performances of Mad. Parepa on the occasion referred to, this very fine *artiste* is possessed, in an eminent degree, of a magnetism which draws to her, as if she were a loadstone, all the taste, amateur talent and critical of our metropolis. Prominent among the *morceaux* in which she excelled, was the substitute of "Mighty Kings" for a piece, in the programme, from "Elijah," in which she took the audience from all the proprieties of a *Sunday* night's performance and created a very unusual *furore*. On her recall she substituted the "Shipwreck," which was not more remarkable in its vocalism than in its dramatic effects, which latter were very fine indeed, and a recollection of it engenders the question, why we do not see this great artiste on the operatic stage? Mad. Parepa was in fine voice on the occasion, and carried her several pieces through without apparent effort and with a dash and grace which was duly appreciated by the large audience. The "Chief" says that the "we" of this column is too much addicted to praise and that it is seldom that he finds here unqualified censure. The fact is that we do not care to severely rap on the knuckles any save the empty and pretentious, who thrust themselves forward and, under the assumption of superior gifts or attainments, arrogantly seek, themselves, to define their positions in art, instead of leaving that question to the verdict of the public. We cannot blame any *artiste*, who looks upon the glorious efforts of Parepa, for thirsting for her fame; nor for toiling—with every faculty at labor—up the steep which leads to eminence. Such ambitions should be cherished, and the panting traveller up the difficult acclivity, should be encouraged to labor on to reach the goal. The road of itself is a rough and rugged one, and far be it from us to throw more obstacles in the way of honest, modest effort.

Signors Fortuna and Ferranti sang their pieces on Sunday evening to much applause. Carl Rosa executed some of Mendelsshon's music very skilfully and in good taste. This young artist and his violin were very happily *en rapport*. Mr. S. B. Mills, the pianist, gave Lisztz' *fantasia* from "L'Africaine" in excellent style, and the orchestra of Mr. Theodore Thomas left nothing to be desired. We have given considerable space to a notice of this Sunday evening concert, for the reason that we earnestly hope to see such efforts liberally sustained by all classes, and the small prices asked for admission enable all, without any marked social distinctions, to take part in witnessing them. Music, above all other arts, has refining influences, and those countries in which it is popular with the masses, and where it is cultivated by them, are the most peaceful of any communities.

Miss Henrietta Beebe gave a concert on Thursday evening last at Steinway Hall, assisted by several artists and by Theodore Thomas' orchestra. Her voice is a soprano; quite powerful, sympathetic in quality, and which she used with discretion. The occasion was a success.

Mr. Thomas gave one of his symphony *soirees* on Saturday night last with marked success. This gentleman by mingling popular and classical music and by getting together the best continuous orchestra that we have had since the career of Jullien, has done much for musical art in our city. We suggest, however, that too much of that which is classical may, at times, be given and that in catering for the general ear, popular trifles may be thrown in to great advantage.

Opera has been given at the Thalia theatre in German, with good effect. The company is far from being weak, comprising, as it does, the names of the beautiful Naddi—whilom of the French *troupe*—Mad. Frederici, Herr Himmer, Wilhelm Formes and M. Chandon. The "Magic Flute" has been done finely by this company.

The Worrell sisters commenced an engagement on Monday evening last, at Wood's theatre (the Broadway) opening in "Out to Nurse." The house was well filled and what we saw of the performance was very acceptable.

Mr. Edwin Booth, at the Winter Garden, has appeared in Tom Taylor's drama of the "Fool's Revenge," the plot of which has been dished up in various ways: thus we have had the story, as Victor Hugo originally wrote it, under the title of "Le Roi S'amuse" (to amuse the King), in drama as the "Court Jester" and in opera as "Rigoletto." The present version is the same as that given by Mr. Booth at Niblo's Garden some years ago, and it follows quite closely on the original tale; save that the closing act is not so fearfully tragic. The impersonation by Mr. Booth is a powerful one, but we do not see the necessity of giving to the part of the Jester such ungainliness and such contortions as Mr. Booth imparts to it. Miss Rachel Noah made her first appearance here in the *rôle* of *Fiordelisia*, the daughter of the Jester. She possesses some very fine points, but did not strike us as being up to the requisitions of the part. The other *rôles* were, in the main, satisfactorily filled. We do not think the play will have a very extended revival.

THE STEWART DIVORCE SUIT.

A STRANGE AND STARTLING REVELATION.

A Praying Parson and a Debauchee Combined.

The Paris Demi-Monde Outrivalled.

The End of the Masquerade at the Armory.

Major Van Horne Attempts to Kill his Wife

A WIFE'S WRONGS AND SUFFERINGS.

A VINDICTIVE WIFE.

Her Revenge Upon Her Recreant Husband and His Paramour.

Another Divorce Suit to be the Result.

CHICAGO, Jan. 12, 1867.

The attention of the people of this vicinity has for the past week been almost entirely absorbed in the Stewart divorce suit, now on trial in the Superior Court, before Judge Jameson. As you have a full report of the trial it will be unnecessary for me to dwell upon it at length. There is something, however, very mysterious about this case, which may at some future time be revealed to a public which is ever seeking for the strange and unnatural in the events of life. It must be confessed that the evidence against Stewart is fearfully overwhelming. He has not only been convicted of adultery, but other actions of the most extraordinary character. He has talked religion to a mother, and practised sensuality to her daughter; he has prayed with a courtesan, and the next moment entreated her to permit him to share her couch, and enjoy pleasures which are entirely worldly. He has preached sermons in the Methodist church and sang lewd songs in houses of prostitution on the same night.

Such are the revelations made by the testimony. The charge that he has been afflicted with venereal diseases has been met by proof that he has, from infancy, been troubled with a malformation, which it would require circumcision to remove, and that in consequence of this defect he has suffered from inflammation, which makes it appear as though he were infected by disease. The person claims that he can dispose of all the other charges with equally satisfactory evidence. If he does this, then it will be apparent that a most infamous plot has been attempted to ruin his character, and forever blast his reputation. Another week will disclose all that is to be disclosed, and then the whole matter will be a proper subject for comment.

A MODEL ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

On Thursday night last a grand "masquerade ball" was given at Turner Hall, on South Clark street. It was a truly magnificent affair. The "first society" mingled in it. All Wells street, and Clark street, and Griswold, and Sherman, and Van Buren, and even the classic resorts of Fourth avenue were represented.

All sorts of masks were worn, but the majority of the "ladies" adopted, as nearly as possible, the primitive costume of our first parents in the Garden of Eden. Such another assemblage has never before congregated in the Garden City, and it is probable never will again. There were women entirely naked from the waist up, and others ditto from far above the knees down. Early in the evening the promenade around the hall was orderly and decidedly picturesque: but as the hours advanced, and as bad whiskey mingled with bad blood, the scenes changed, fighting was in order, and general confusion reigned supreme. At two o'clock in the morning not less than a dozen females were swaggering about the hall entirely naked, and the most gross acts of indecency were performed before the two or three hundred spectators. At this time the police made a "descent" upon the building, and the nude, the semi-nude, the drunk and the sober, the "aristocrats" and the plebeians, were all marched—a heterogeneous procession—to the armory. The next morning they were fined $5 each by our jolly, fat-faced, round-headed, plethoric-stomached, Police Justice. And that was the end of the masked ball, and those who participated in it are now, some of them, cogitating over the evil of their ways in the city Bridewell. Long may they stay there, and long may it be before we have another "masquerade ball" of that kind.

A DEADLY ASSAULT.

If John Van Horn is not now, he has been a well known citizen of Chicago. He was once a respectable and popular man, but years, instead of making him better and more worthy of the respect to which old age is entitled, have served to throw upon him the odium which bad habits and an irate temper always casts upon men who permit angry passions to control reason and subserve decency. Mr. Van Horn has occupied several distinguished positions. He has been an alderman, a member of the board of education, city surveyor, county surveyor, and during the late war was lieutenant-colonel of the 24th Illinois volunteers. He is better known as Maj. Van Horn, having acquired the latter title of distinction in the Russian army, previous to his emigration to this country.

Between four and five o'clock on Sunday afternoon Van Horn attempted to take the life of his wife, a woman who is said to be at least twenty years younger than himself, to whom he has been married twenty years, and by whom nine children have been born. The circumstances of the furious and bloody assault are as follows:

Van Horn and his wife have not for several years lived happily together. He has accused her of infidelity, and for a long time has taught his children not only to disrespect her, but to condemn her as he himself has done. At the hour stated above, on Sunday afternoon, Van Horn insisted that his daughter, a girl about ten years of age, should assert that her mother was a bad woman. The child refused to do so, and on account of this refusal, the old man became very much excited, and in his uncontrollable rage threatened to kill the girl unless she made the charge which he desired. In fear of her father, the daughter fled from the house, and took refuge in the grocery store of Mr. Kneiss, No. 400 Milwaukee avenue. She was shedding tears when she entered the store, and seemed to be very much frightened. The father quickly followed, and commanded the girl to come back to the house, but she refused, and Mr. Kneiss interfered, when an attempt was made to force her to do so.

At this juncture Mrs. Van Horn also entered the grocery, for the purpose of protecting the girl. Van Horn turned furiously upon his wife, applied to her the most vulgar and indecent epithets, and, finally, in his insane rage, took from his pocket a revolver, placed its muzzle behind the ear of Mrs. Van Horn, and fired. The woman fell heavily to the floor, and as she did so the would-be murderer attempted to take his own life, but was prevented by Mr. Kneiss and Mr. Screbs, who were in the grocery at the time. The assassin was then secured, and delivered to Policeman Rowan, and by him taken to the West side station.

It was at first supposed that Mrs. Van Horn was killed, but the fact was discovered that the injury was not serious, the ball only having taken effect in the back part of the neck, causing a wound little else than skin deep. Dr. John Schaller was called, and in a very brief period Mrs. Van Horn was nearly as well as she was previous to the dastardly attempt upon her life.

A WIFE'S REVENGE.

Carl Rosenblatt is a young man; Mrs. Rosenblatt has far outgrown the bloom of youth. It is insinuated that the marriage between these two parties did not result, at least on the part of Carl, from any tender passion, but because of certain lots and houses in the North division which the wife possessed when, a little more than a year ago, she was a widow.

The pair lived apparently happy together until about six months since, when a fair and young female cousin of Carl's arrived in this city from the fatherland. On the strength of being a blood relation she took up her quarters with the pair, but the spirit of jealousy arising in the breast of the wife, soon put a stop to the tranquility of the household. The cousin being young and handsome, she suspected, and, as it eventually transpired, not without good cause, that she was robbing her, the lawful wife, of Carl's affection. As soon as the conviction became settled in her mind, she procured apartments for the dangerous female somewhere in the West division, and forced her to take up her future home in that region. This was not at all satisfactory to the mind of Mr. Rosenblatt, but since he was in that household like the fifth wheel to a wagon, no attention was paid to his remonstrance. But the tender heart of Carl, nevertheless, swelled big with emotion for his fair cousin, and the love they felt for each other in time found sweet intercommunication by means of tender epistles which passed between them at regular intervals. Visit her in person he dared not, for the safety of his life. This mode of love declaration at last came to the ears of the betrayed spouse, and she cast about for means to satisfy her terrible passion for revenge.

To the surprise of her husband she suddenly became very tender, and anticipated his every wish. When she had completely beguiled him, his loving partner suddenly informed him of a desire to visit Milwaukee for a short season. Carl was but too willing to have her go, and hastened to hurry up preparations for her departure. He accompanied her to the depot, kissed her a sad adieu, and with a light heart watched the train depart. Then on the wings of love, he flew (on a horse-car) to the West division and to the home of his *dulcinea*.

The pretended trip to Milwaukee, on the part of the wife, however, was only a *ruse*. At the first station she alighted, and took the next train back to the city, arriving here in less than an hour after her departure. She also flew, but on the wings of hate and revenge (in a hack) to her abode in the North division, and, entering the house, secreted herself in a closet to await results. In the course of an hour two persons entered the dwelling, and in a short time betook themselves to her own bed-chamber. Imagine her feelings. She knew them but too well—her husband and his frail cousin. Determined on being revenged she quietly left her place of concealment, and with a quantity of Cayenne pepper in each hand she entered the apartment of the guilty pair who by this time were sound asleep.

Taking a sure aim, she threw a handful in each face, and then set to work at rubbing it in their eyes, noses, and mouths, until smarting and burning they screamed from very pain. Not satisfied with this severe punishment, she grasped a stick and laid on the blows hard and heavy, and her vengeance was not satiated until both, howling and screaming with pain, had escaped from the dwelling in a state nearly typifying nature. They sought refuge in a neighboring house, the people of which gave them garments with which to cover their nakedness.

The people with whom the girl had been staying, not conversant with the cause of the "bloody wow," and seeing only the effects, insisted upon having the perpetrator arrested, and arraigned before Justice John S. Quinn, when these facts transpired. She was fined $50, a sum she willingly contributed to the school fund—so sweet is revenge. She has also taken steps to procure a divorce from the truant husband, who is inconsolable at the disastrous denouement of his unlawful love adventure.

"DODGER'S" EXPOSITIONS.

WHAT DETECTIVES CAN MAKE.—A mania prevails in the halls of legislation just now to appoint investigating committees into real and supposed cases of official corruption. But as nearly all these investigations are started and conducted for selfish and political purposes, little general good is derived from them. The public weal is sacrificed for party and spoils, and every little speck in an opponent's life is magnified into the most horrible moral and political depravity. But these cat-call ferreting committees only nibble like mice around the ring of corruption, leaving the core, the real sore, untouched by the lance of public exposition. Why does not our Legislature, if in earnest for reform, investigate the workings of the police detective department of this city? Within the last year half a million dollars, stolen by thieves, has been recovered by detectives, and yet can one point me out a single bank-robber that has been convicted? Did I not say that Dan Noble was arrested, locked up in the Tombs, and held as a hostage for the recovery of the latest bank robbery? The money was recovered, and Dan is now at large. And suppose I was mistaken last week in saying that Coleman, who stole the $250,000 in Wall street, was not arrested in Montreal, but in this city, with the full evidence of guilt, [illegible] would you believe me? [illegible] brought to [illegible] would you believe [illegible] the money, [illegible] "rakes" between [illegible] would you [illegible] Noble, he would be discharged and never brought to trial, with as much quietness as the arrest was made, would you believe me? Of course not. If I told you such was the case, you would send one of your reporters to the city prison, and if he made inquiry for Coleman, no such man would be found in the male department of the prison. The way things are now conducted in the "ring" in the police department is outrageous to decency.

A FEW INQUIRIES.—I would ask if it is ever intended to try George Hyer, alias Cross, the United States detective who was charged with selling counterfeit State money. Hyer is the man who "cop'd" detective Golden, and caused him to resign. Why should the papers in his case be pigeon-holed?

Is it certain that the affidavit filled in Shannon the murderer's case was genuine, and not a forgery? Shannon, who lives with Maggie, the "shop-lifter," Mose Ehrick's old mistress, made a murderous attack on a man in Prince street, because he happened to be a witness against some burglars in Philadelphia. They "squared" it with the complainant—that is, an affidavit has been filed in the District Attorney's office, by a man representing himself to be the complainant, in which he solemnly takes back all he swore to, saying that he was entirely mistaken as to Shannon. Might it not have been that the officers of the law were imposed upon when the pigeon-holed they papers in this case? They might do worse than investigate the matter.

What has become of the indictment against Tommy Mulligan? Why was the bail not forfeited? He is now in the city "working" with impunity, notwithstanding the indictment that is hanging over his head.

As true as was predicted a few weeks ago, Hendrick has lost every cent of the $100,000 that he possessed playing faro, and is now out at the elbows, borrowing from "coppers," promising to repay them the first big "stake" he makes. He can be seen in Wall and William streets, every forenoon, watching his opportunity to walk off with a bag of gold. There are two indictments against him, and it would be well to stir them up.

A ROW IN PROSPECT.

Young Sam Hoggett got two years and six months in spite of the political influence that was used to save him. When sentenced, his young "moll" exclaimed, "How shall I get my $600 back again." Young Sam's mother says she will go up to Albany, and swears she will scratch the eyes out of that political hack. Look out for a row in the halls of legislation at Albany, greater than that which occurred in the Board of Councilmen.

QUITE A SCENE.

A Philadelphia thief named Richard Martin was tried in the Sessions last week, charged with "knucking" a man out of his "super" at the San Francisco Minstrels. The jury were unable to agree, seven being for acquittal and five for conviction, and Dick was discharged. The same evening Martin, when going through the Eighth Ward, run a-muck against Captain Mills, and the Captain "run him in." Mills, it will be remembered, was "run in" himself in Philadelphia, and locked up by Alderman McMullen, and the affront he has not yet forgotten. The Captain believed that Martin was a friend of McMullen. In the morning Martin was taken up before the "beak" at Jefferson Market, who examined into the case and found that the thief, if guilty of anything, which he seemed to doubt, decided that it only amounted to disorderly conduct, and committed him in default of the payment of the $10 fine. Captain Mills did not like that, and hurrying down to the District Attorney's office, stated his case. A bill was immediately drawn up against Martin, charging him with an assault to steal as a pickpocket. The Captain went right down to the Grand Jury, a bill was found against Martin, a warrant was issued for his arrest, which was given to Mills, who took the first express train to Jefferson Market. But, alas for the mutability of human affairs, Alderman McMullen's pocket-picking friend had in the meantime been able to raise the "wind," pay his fine, and had left for parts unknown.

ESCAPE OF BILLY JACKSON.—Billy Jackson, the celebrated little dandified hotel dancer, has just made his escape from a prison in New Jersey. He was tried and convicted of stealing about $100,000 from a gentleman at Long Branch last summer. As I understand, there was not the first particle of legal evidence to convict, although I think he was guilty. His previous bad character, and the $50 official fee for procuring a conviction did not help Billy much. It is a bad principle to pay district attornies for convictions and nothing if they fail. These bread and butter trials lead the prosecutor to force a conviction against the evidence to get a living. Billy was sentenced to eight years. He did not feel like serving it, and the country bumpkin who kept watch over him fell asleep in front of the cell door. Billy, when he saw him fast asleep, reached his hand through the door grating and "knucked" the keys from the keeper's pocket. In possession of the keys, he let himself out of his cell. The five doors that barred him from liberty, swung gently aside without a creak, and morning came before the prisoner was missed.

THE RAID ON THE POLICY DEALERS.—The late raid on the policy dealers has been the sensation talk of the week. It had its starting point from the prolific brain of the mouth-piece who was convicted of a felony, and is now allowed to practice at Essex Market Police Court. Business being dull, he got up this little job of black mail, and had a warrant issued for the arrest of the chief policy backer of this city and five others; said warrant being entrusted to Captain Davis, of the Tenth Precinct. Rather than have a public exposure, the dealers came down handsomely, and "squared" it with the complainants who divided with this "shyster" who put up this blackmail job. That job started the ball, and of course it reached the ears of Marcus Cicero Stanley. He went to work and drew up a complaint in proper form, changing the venue to Jefferson Market, and then had the complaint printed. Having done that he set his stool pigeons to work, and when the arrests were made, the printed complaints were shown to the "beak," who is a good lawyer, when he said they were better drawn up than they could have been done by his scriveners, besides the printed complaints saved time and facilitated business. In less than a week sixty of the policy dealers were "pulled." That is the true secret. I have been told of the late raid on the policy dealers, and I have good reason to believe it.

DODGER.

A Daring Burglar—He is Surrounded and Captured While "Cracking a Crib."

The notorious burglar, George Stanley, is said to have been so utterly fearless of the police, and at the same time so proficient in his calling that he could stand with his back to a door and take the impression of a lock while conversing with a policeman. No other member of the profession has scarcely dared to carry his ability into practice to this extent, but on Friday morning last a fellow who gave his name as John Smith, but who was recognized as Morris Leonard, was found at No. 166 Rivington street, engaged in burglariously entering a store, while a policeman was standing not seventy-five yards from him. The policeman, James Adams, of the Tenth precinct, was engaged in patroling his beat, about three o'clock on Friday morning, when his attention was called to the presence of a man on the stoop of the premises above named. The policeman advanced to the spot, and when he had arrived there the man had disappeared. Believing that the fellow had entered the place, policeman Adams gave the alarm rap, and two bakers from an adjoining bakery came to his assistance. Adams informed them of his belief that a thief was concealed in the store, and charged them to guard the front door. Another alarm rap was given, and several policemen answered. Adams then aroused the proprietor of the store—Benjamin Reiners, who lived up-stairs.—He descended to the sidewalk, and was there informed of the fact that his house had been broken open, and that the guilty party was, in all probability, yet on the premises. The feelings of Reiners may be imagined when jumping from a sound slumber in his bed, he had the prospect of having an encounter with a burglar.

It was not very encouraging, yet Mr. Reiners, accompanied by policeman Adams and his fellow-officers, passed through the hall of the house to the rear, where they entered the store from the hall by a rear door. The first thing they saw, by the aid of the gas which was lighted, was the burglar standing about ten feet from them. Adams raised his club, and advanced toward the daring fellow, who ran to the front part of the store, guarded by the two bakers. Fearing that he might—in slang parlance—"be fixed," policeman Dark, of the Tenth precinct, drew his revolver, but Leonard, alias Smith, was not fixed, and he surrendered. Policeman Adams seized the fellow, and he was conducted to the station house, where a search was instituted and $7.14 found upon his person. This money, it was subsequently ascertained, was stolen from the money drawer of Mr. Reiners. Leonard, alias Smith, was duly conveyed to the Essex Market Police Court, where the facts were represented to Justice Shandley, who committed Leonard to answer for trial, refusing bail.

Officer Adams who has shown himself a very vigilant patrolman, in this case, found a very dangerous slung-shot lying near the door, which had been used by a confederate of Leonard's, who succeeded in escaping.

Officer Adams secured this slung-shot—composed of a very heavy ball of lead, with a strong string attached—as a trophy of the occasion and evidence against Leonard.

POLICE ITEMS.

FORGERY BY A BOY.—Policeman Hambler arrested a boy named James Delahunt, aged 13 years, a clerk in the employ of Mr. Joel B. Erhardt, of No. 162 Montague street, Brooklyn, who charges him with attempting to utter a forged check, purporting to have been drawn by himself.

FOUND.—The dead body of an infant, apparently about one day old, was found lying on the sidewalk in President street, near Henry street, Brooklyn, on Tuesday. It was handed over to the coroner.

DANGEROUSLY [illegible] drunken [illegible] named Mary [illegible] Cypress Hills Cemetery [illegible] dangerously [illegible]

BY [illegible] on the [illegible] charge [illegible] property of Mrs. Ann [illegible] one of the seats of the car. The conductor denies having [illegible] the stolen [illegible]

STEWART DIVORCE CASE—Continued

A TERRIBLE ARRAY OF ACCUSATIONS.

Confirmatory Evidence of Stewart's Visits to Bagnios.

Unhealthy Effects of Being too Much in Ladies' Company.

The Close Relations Existing Between Stewart and Mrs Dudley.

What Mrs. Newport Saw one Winter Morning in Mrs. Dudley's Bedroom.

He Affords Her Ministerial Consolation When She is Sick

AN EXPOSURE IN FLAGRANTE DELICTU.

How the Youthful Divine Ministers at the Bedside of a Sick Girl.

Interesting Deposition of a Looker On in the Little Game.

They would also prove that on the previous night, about 11 o'clock, a young girl who lodged in the same house, suspecting Stewart and Mrs. Dudley, proceeded to the room of the latter, whereupon, turning up the light she discovered the pair in bed.

On one occasion he was seen in bed with her, and by a different party. Some of his comrades knew of his intimacy with these women. They rallied him one day, and asked him if he knew where there was a good thing to be got. He gave to one of his friends a note, signing himself "Charlie," introducing his friend to Mrs. Dudley; the note saying that any favors she should extend to him would be all right. In it he describes this woman to the man he introduces. The man kept the card a good while. Accidentally, he did go down to the house. Before this, Stewart had asked him if he had been at the house. The answer was that he had not. Then the following conversation—the defendant commencing—ensued:

"You have not been down?"

"No, I have not."

"Why don't you go down? You will find it all right."

Subsequently, on a certain occasion, he (the friend introduced) met this woman. He had not gone down to the house at all to present the note he had received. But subsequently, he was confronted by this Mrs. Dudley, and she mentioned the card given to him. He recollected that he had received this card of introduction; handed it to her; and she, smiling, said it was all right, and invited him to call at some future time at her house. Rosetta Dudley was afterwards compelled by the police to remove her residence. We have proofs that, previous to this, Stewart's visits were indifferently—sometimes in the day time and sometimes in the night; that subsequently to her arrest Mrs. Dudley removed from Quincy street back to Clark street, where she had formerly lived. In August, 1865, she moved to Quincy street. She then removed her quarters to another number on South Clark street. We expect to prove that after she had been arrested, and Stewart knowing the fact all the time, he continued his visits upon Clark street, but was more cautious about going to her at night. For some time after her arrest he did not come at all. He was afraid of getting into the sawdust. He did not go again until some time after that event occurred. Finally this Mrs. Dudley remarked to some person that Stewart was keeping away. She did not see the reason of it, unless, that, having agreed to give her a muff, he had not kept his promise. She wished this man to request Stewart to come and see her; that he need not keep back on account of the muff. The same individual who saw Stewart said, "You need not keep away from her on that account. She wants to see you, muff or no muff." Stewart answered that the muff was being made. "I shall have it ready soon, and will take it down to her." His friend replied: "That will not make any difference. She says, do not keep away on account of the muff." The same individual saw him on two occasions. On one occasion, on running up in the day time, he did not knock, but rushed right in; and saw that Stewart and Mrs. Dudley and another woman were together in one of the rooms, of which there were several belonging to the establishment. This individual rushed right in, and as he proceeded into the middle room, Mrs. Dudley rushed out and said, "Keep back;" but there Stewart was, as cosy as you please. That was the first occasion after the muff difficulty was removed. On another occasion he was there on a Sunday evening, when he was seen by this witness; and he was in this same room. Stewart, Mrs. Dudley and another female were there. He made himself at home there. He came in whistling and singing; and I believe he sang on that occasion some bawdy songs. He remarked in his peculiar style that there was no church that night, and he thought he would call down to his resort. We shall prove that he was perfectly at home in Mrs. Dudley's premises. Throwing off his coat and throwing himself upon the bed, they would have their antics, their play with each other. Upon these occasions, when they were having their sports, some of them were of a most indecent character. We shall prove his shutting himself up in the house with that woman; and that they would embrace each other when arriving, and generally when parting. He was the particular friend of this prostitute. So highly was he loved that she did not want him to stay away on account of the muff.

Now, gentlemen, we expect to establish this state of things by a large number of witnesses, and to detail an array of circumstances that will convince you that this man has not only been guilty of a single act of adultery, which is sufficient ground for an action of divorce, but that he has followed an adulterous and debauched course of conduct, extending through an entire year. Gentlemen, we expect that it will appear, from the testimony which will be given in this case, that so gross and reckless was this man in his course of adultery and debauchery that, as early as the spring or summer of 1865, he became infected, gentlemen, with the venereal disease—perhaps in its worst form; but that he was infected, we believe, will be proved to you beyond controversy. And yet, gentlemen, this man comes in here and defends his case; compelling us to make a public exposure of his record. Glad would this unfortunate lady have been if this most painful business could have been suffered to pass away quietly and without any public scandal. I have stated the plain facts of this case in behalf of this unfortunate lady, for the first time that any public exposure has been made on her account.

Whatever publicity this case has acquired, is owing exclusively to the fault of the defendant. He has insisted from the very start, gentlemen, in blazing this case before the public with all the attendant scandal he could invent. We could not prevent it.

Hon. A. W. Arrington followed for the defence, and in opening dwelt upon the difficulties which his side had to encounter. Apart from the personal difficulties of his having come into the case quite recently, and had had no adequate time for preparation, there were others of a very serious character. The first difficulty they had to contend with was the great wealth of the plaintiff's father, which enabled the prosecution to employ detectives of every description, who start out and procure all sorts of dissolute characters and lewd women to swear adultery, a penniless young man, who never learned anything but theology. Another great difficulty was that in all cases of this kind, where a woman is the complainant, the sympathies of the human heart very generally are in her favor; and still a greater difficulty lay in the indefiniteness of the extent of the charges presented. Counsel then criticized the averments contained in the plaintiff's bill, and then entered into the following history of affairs personal, matrimonial, etc., etc., of his unhappy client:

The defendant is nearly twenty-nine years of age. Mr. Stewart has always lived in the vicinity of Chicago; he has never been remote from it; his whole life is open, and his character will be presented to you, for there is no doubt about the testimony. If they make the clear case they say they will, character will be of no avail, but we will see his character—his former character, from his brethren in the church, and from others with whom he has been acquainted. He is a native of White Pigeon, Mich., and he came to Chicago fifteen years ago; he was then fifteen years of age. His first place of education was at A. F. Lee's school, that I know nothing about, but the old citizens remember that it was a select school in the city, and he was apt and studious, and his parents wished to give him the best education that they could which was to be obtained at that time. Now, at that select school he met M Smith; she was in the same class with him in geometry. Now this I am prepared to prove; it will appear that he was an adventurer seeking her w but at that early period, when she was but 12 or 1 he but 14, when they were in the same class, timacy of the strongest character sprang up bet them. It is what, gentlemen, most of us who ha any hearts know something about; it is the f love, the sunbeam that strikes upon the ice of hu nature and melts it, the warm fire that bursts i peans of praise, with an *io triumphe* at the end every one. But it is rarely that the first love is woman we wed. Observe particularly in the char of American life, where we are migratory almost the birds. There is a remarkable difference betw the brain and the heart. An impression made u the heart passes away, is transient, and is gone ever; it is almost like the ripple upon the water. It is not so with an impression seared upon the brai The forms of those we loved in early life may be abs for a time, they return again with all the bloom beauty of their youth.

I intended to confine myself to the dry detail of facts, but this is a case where reality far outstri fiction; it is a singular case, this intimacy of th boy and girl. In 1854—the older settlers here w remember it by its being the cholera year, and ma escaped to the rural districts—Mr. Stewart's hou was locked up and he went to Beloit, Wis., and th my client entered school in order to prepare for c lege. He was there two years, during that time paring for college. He was then sent to Al Mich., and remained there at school when, I ju in 1856 he went to the northwestern university Evanstown, an institution that, perhaps, has no eq in this country, at least in the west, of which my learned brother, Judge Goodrich, is a distinguished member—a trustee—and Mr. Stewart went there to prepare himself for the ministry. In 1860 he entered the Garrett Biblical Institute to prepare for the ministry; he was absent about a year on account of ill-health, for it has been his misfortune to labor occ sionally in life under depressions of health, per of nervous irritability; at all events he left, and away for one year to repair his health. In Octob 1863, he graduated Master of Arts, also Bachelo Divinity, and I believe he graduated with the high honors; he was not married, but still he was not fr he was not bound by a bond, and by a far strong bond than the marriage bond proves itself, at least in the courts here where the records show three or four hundred divorces a year. He was bound by unexceptionable rosy tie of love. He had been

ORCE CASE—Continued

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tracted; he had made his engagement, March 8, 1858; then taking his course he was engaged to Miss Smith. Now this, I am informed, had happened, and this I am prepared to prove. The two had been intimate as early as I have named. I don't know how far the intimacy extended, but they were intimate playmates at school. They had been separated for some five or six years, he being at college. They first met again at Dr. Humphrey's church. Miss Smith, her father and her mother, after the church was over, remained outside in order to enable them to speak with Mr. Stewart. She greeted him then with friendship; they asked after his health, and expressed a wish to hear him preach, and then they invited him to call at their house. Now, remember, all this time one of Mr. Stewart's sisters had been intimate with Miss Smith, reciprocally exchanging visits, and this sister proposed at one time to spend a week at the house of Mr. Stewart's father. During the period of their engagement—you will remember the date, gentlemen, March 3, '63—during the period of engagement, up to the time of March 8, '63, every Saturday evening Miss Smith met him with her carriage, and insisted upon his going home with her, and took him to her father's house. If it would be any evidence that the attachment was too strong, remember that this state of facts existed, and his own father, when he wished to see his favorite and darling son, could only see him by going to Mr. Smith's house. At the time of their first intimacy, or first friendship, if you see proper to call it so, the two families were in about equal circumstances. Mr. Smith, then, and Mr. Stewart, were both wealthy at that time, and Mr. Smith is now worth half a million of dollars. The only pertinency this has to the case is to show that it was no attempt upon the part of my client to engage the affections of Miss Smith for the sake of her father's wealth, because that will, in all probability be brought into the case. During the interval of their engagement, there was spoken, and a plan made, for a European bridal tour. I am prepared to prove that the utmost friendship and good-will on the part of the father and mother, as well as the daughter existed up to the date of their marriage, and the glittering prospect was held out to Mr. Stewart that as soon as he was wedded he was to take this bridal excursion; he was to visit the Holy Land, and so be better prepared for the ministry. But for the fact of this engagement with Miss Smith, he would have entered the Rock River Conference as soon as he had an opportunity after he became a minister. Now this was a very brilliant prospect for him. I cannot keep my heart from pitying him, and I have no doubt my friends also will pity him. If all that was stated is true, he is taken by the hand, is invited to their house; the glowing prospect is held up to him that he is to visit the Eastern land, is to view the holy places, and stand by the sea of Galilee; that he is to look upon the scenes that were hallowed by the presence of his Master. Whether he has disgraced Him since or not, it is not for me or for you to say.

It was a brilliant prospect for a young man full of ambition. I ought to have stated in another place that Mr. Smith attended the college where he took his degrees, and I have no doubt all his friends went there too, for if there is any occasion in the history of the life of a young man that is of intense interest to him, it is that when he takes his degrees in college, and graduates with the highest honors. Miss Smith was there, and saw the exercises that took place, and knew the degrees that were conferred upon him. The marriage, I have stated before, was on November 17, 1863. Immediately after the marriage, instead of going to Europe, at the suggestion of Mr. Smith, they made their bridal excursion east, and were gone about six weeks. During all that period there never was a whisper of discontent; there never was a harsh word, there never was a hard thought.

It was the blooming flower season of their lives. There could not have been anything very bad about the young man at that time, for this exceedingly refined young lady—her betters assure us of her intelligence and high culture—would have discovered some of the impurities that lurked about him before she finished her bridal tour.

About two weeks after the return—of this I am not sure, for I can not say positively unless Mr. Smith himself should go on the stand—his father suggested the breaking up of this European tour—the Holy Land was too far off, and he loved his daughter too dearly—and all fathers can sympathize with that affection.

The minister was ordained, and the excursion was given up. It was painful in the highest degree to her father that his daughter should be compelled to become a minister's wife. It was here to-day, and gone to-morrow, like the bird that dipped its wing in the fountain, and then was far beyond. I don't suppose there was any discontent with him then at all, but the father suggested to him to go into the grocery business. If there ever was a human being unprepared for the grocery business, it was Mr. Stewart. It was a fair, honorable business, and was perhaps more profitable than the ministry, but we all must be permitted to have our tastes. Why should these visions that had been held up before him of this European tour, and to those scenes of which he had read in the Hebrew and the Greek—why should all these be dashed from him. Is there a man who does not pity him in his disappointment—his descent from the Holy Land to groceries? It was to come down from the stars—come down from the brilliant future before him, and go into the grocery business. And there, gentleman, is the proof that there is no avarice in his heart. If it was money he was thirsting for, it was another case of "Dombey and Son;" it was nothing more than to be a partner with Mr. Smith, and when he died, to take the whole of their joint accumulations. But he refused to do this, and goes into the ministry. Now up to that time I am sure he was not a bad man; that, at the time this blight came upon his prospects, he was pure. Five months after the marriage Mrs. Stewart said—and I can prove that by three witnesses, and three witnesses that no one will question—that he (Stewart) might go and preach if he would, but as for her, she would not go with him and leave her father. I have no comments to make on that, because I do not regard it as important, but it shows how the bitter revulsion sprang up, and it will show that that quarrel rose by slow degrees. She did not wish to leave her father; he did not wish to part with his daughter; nothing was more natural than that they should wish him to go into the grocery business; and only five short months after the marriage she makes this distinct declaration—that he may go and preach if he chooses, but that she will not go; she will not leave her father and mother. This harshness and coldness of demeanor on the part of Mr. Smith, manifested towards Mr. Stewart, excited continual uneasiness in his mind, and in the mind of his wife, I am advised. The wife then went east to Washington, Pa., in June, 1864, to be gone two or three weeks on a pleasure excursion. That was the understanding, I believe; that she went to visit there some relatives or somebody that had claims on the family. Mr. Stewart did not remain at the house all the time; he was there occasionally, but he was mostly at his brother's, Wm. H. Stewart, during the time that she was gone. Now this brother noticed his anxiety during the absence of her whose name was scarcely ever absent from his lips. I believe he would get up and walk in the night and repeat her name. He was anxious about her being gone. He was yearning for her return. He was mourning her absence. Three weeks after Mrs. Stewart went east to Washington, Pa., the purpose of her return was abandoned, and her mother then left and met her at Pittsburg. They remained there some time and proceeded to New York. Then her father also left, and joined them in New York, and they were all at the St. Nicholas Hotel for about the space of four weeks. July 20, 1864, Mrs. Stewart wrote to Mr. Stewart that she wanted him to come home to her father's, Mr. Smith's, but not to be absent from there for fear the people would talk about it. Now that letter of course does not lie. Those are the facts in the case, and they will, I think, fully unravel the mystery connected with the case. They were at the St. Nicholas Hotel, shopping in the brilliant lights of Broadway, viewing the gay sights and scenes that fill that capital of the American continent. During that time William W. Stewart visited New York. The first thing, of course—he put up at the St. Nicholas Hotel—was to call upon Mrs. Stewart, the wife of his brother; thinking he would be greeted with open arms; instead of that he was treated with studios contumely and contempt, and he scarcely prevailed upon her to grant him an interview. The change of feeling is increasing—some new light has sprung to view. She asked for her husband, when he had seen him, and he told her of his agitation and excitement. He was in a state of unrest, that state all can comprehend who have dearly loved a woman, and have already begun to fear that she will vanish and leave them forever. She gave no explanation to him, "Nothing was the matter," was her answer. Aug. 21, 1864, she wrote a letter on the subject of his brother's visit, and she said, "Henceforth Mr. Stewart is only *Mr.* Stewart to me," because he had revealed the agitation in the heart of his brother, because he had told of his sorrow, his uneasiness at her absence, because he had told of his fears, of his mental anxiety at her absence. I am throwing no blame on the lady; I am giving a history of the case as the letters present it. Something had occurred, and it had not occurred in Chicago. She left him in love, with his kiss upon her lips. All at once the affection she had exhibited for him had changed. It has changed when she goes to the St. Nicholas hotel. What wrought the change, only the Being above can tell. We pretend not to fathom the mystery. Perhaps it was absence. There are certain characters so constituted that in order to love they must keep in sight the loved one, and the old adage "out of sight out of mind" applies to lovers more particularly, perhaps, than it does to others. The object which is loved, is loved passionately, it is true, while it is present, but as soon as the object is removed out of sight it ceases. I am not charging her with this cause; it would be unmanly in me. There is a certain animal, not necessary to name here, that weaves his web to catch flies, and he makes his web in the sunshine, and with his glittering eyes he invites the little fly into his web. The female of that class of spiders, as soon as her love is over, grasps her husband by the neck and crushes him in her iron jaws. I will not accuse this lady of this. I do not say so. It is something else—it is something unfathomable, but this I do say, that it was nothing that ever occurred in Chicago. Now, during the time she was gone, her husband was earnestly seeking employment for the time, I believe as clerk in a store, or something of that description.

On the 24th of August, 1864, his wife wrote to him that she was going to return to Chicago. That letter contained expressions of affection, to be sure, but it is no more like the former ones than the flickering firefly is like the sunbeam of a summer's noon. It is faint in its expressions of affection compared with those written before. We are now drawing near to the separation. The separation occurred on the 27th of October, 1864. Of that I can hardly say anything. I can only say that it was very kind. That is, she packed his trunk. All his pictures, all his tokens and mementoes, and the endearing souvenirs of their early love, are packed and sent away. I think that can be proved; I know it will be proved if any of the family are put on the stand.

The husband remained in Chicago in a most terrible state of nervous excitement for about the space of two weeks. I don't know that this excitement can be wondered at. If he was mourning for the loss of the money, no one could shed a tear for him—and I know that they will attempt—as they did in the argument—to make that charge against him. Did he not feel in his heart—and I can prove it beyond all question—"You cannot give me back what you got with me when you received me; you cannot give me back my early anticipations."

His friends, then, in order to relieve his terrible agitation, induced him to make a change of scenery, which he did. He came back, but the change of scene had produced no effect upon him. He is the same lonely, desolate, melancholy man. The same name is for ever quivering and thrilling through his dreams. He is then sent to New England, and afterwards resided six months in New York.

On Oct. 10, he sent his wife a letter requesting her to return, by the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, the pastor of her church; but she refused to read, or let Dr. Humphrey read that letter. She has already gone from aversion to utter hatred. It may be justifiable—that the gentleman may show—it is enough to show. These are letters that never lie. No detective got them up—Mr. Smith's money could not fabricate them, and they are there to speak for themselves, and the change in her heart.

The next letter was sent by J. K. Pollard, and was attended with a like result. The mental hallucination that his wife still loved him, still continued to cling to him, and he laid the blame on her father.

Next he changed his boarding-place and went to Eldride court. I have received a statement of Mr. Daniel C. Larned, who had been employed by Mr. Stewart, under the delusion that the *habeas corpus* would relieve her from the imprisonment in which he supposed her father was holding her. I mean to give a full statement of what Mr. Larned will show of the condition of this broken-hearted man; and all will pity him from the bottom of their hearts. Detectives were employed—not to discover Mr. Stewart's improprieties--but to hunt up something upon which to found a charge of adultery, and a female detective was employed to seduce Mr. Stewart; a woman who, here in Chicago and in Michigan City also, attempted, with all the wiles of her sex and craft and cunning which she could employ, to entangle him in a web of infamy, in which she partially succeeded.

A counter-plot was arranged, the particulars of which will be rendered.

The couple went to Michigan City and registered themselves by fictitious names as Mr. So-and-so, and lady. A room was engaged at a hotel. One set of detectives were watching through a window and the defendant's detective was under the bed. Stewart and the woman took a walk in the twilight and during it dropped the number of his room upon a card in such a place that his detectives might find it. Then, after that twilight walk they returned to the room. Stewart partially disrobed himself; the female detective did the same. She then forcibly threw him upon the bed, pulled the clothes over him, and gave one of those feminine screams which was the signal for the breaking down of the door and the rushing in of Mr. Turtle, the detective. But Stewart's own detective had the better view of the case despite the deep-laid scheme of the woman.

We see this innocent man's heart wrung by these persecutions, his prospects ruined, his life blighted, and mourning for that lost love.

If your verdict should be in favor of her, his life will be blasted and ruined forever. But if your verdict shall be in his favor, he may return to his chosen calling, and she may roll in luxuries and wealth as ever, admired of all who behold her.

The first witness on the part of the prosecution, was then sworn.

TESTIMONY OF CHARLES W. WENTWORTH.

Charles W. Wentworth sworn, and interrogated by Mr. Smith:

Question. Where do you reside?

Answer. At 95 Oak street, North side.

Q. What is your occupation? A. I am a book-keeper at 113 Kenzie street, with the firm of Wentworth, Hibbard & French.

Q. Is Mr. Wentworth of that firm your father? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And do you reside with him at 95 Oak street? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How long have you lived in Chicago? A. At intervals since the spring of 1856.

Q. Do you know the defendant? A. I do.

Q. Where did you first see him? A. In Beloit, Wisconsin.

Q. When did you first move to Chicago? A. In the early spring of 1856. I lived here until 1859 and was then absent until March, 1864, and have resided here ever since.

Q. Do you know of the defendant, Hart L. Stewart, ever having visited a house of ill-fame in the spring of '65?

(The interrogatory was objected to by the defence as leading in its character. The objection was overruled.

A. I do.

Q. Where was it situated? A. No. 72 North Wells street.

Q. Do you recollect when he was at a pic-nic with you? A. I do. It was in the summer of 1865, at Desplaines grove; we returned to the city about sundown. The defendant and a man named Wadsworth, one named Horne, and one or two others returned. On arriving in the city we went to 72 North Wells street.

Q. What kind of a house is that?

(Objected to by the defence on the ground that the charges in the bill are not sufficiently specific to admit it. Objection overruled.)

A. It is called a house of ill-fame.

Q. Who keeps it? A. A woman named Emma Hedges kept it then. The party who went to the pic-nic with me (Wadsworth, Horne and others), accompanied us. We remained there about half an hour. We then went to the saloon of Mr. Horne's father on Kenzie street, between La Salle and Wells. Stewart went with us. It was quite dark when we left. I should think it was between 9 and 10 o'clock. I went from there back to No. 72. Mr. Stewart went with me, and he only. I went at Stewart's request. He borrowed $10 of me, or rather I borrowed $10 to lend him. He said he wanted to invest it at No. 72. There were several women there—I think there were five or six. Stewart selected a woman and I last saw him going into the front room up-stairs with that woman. We parted there. He bade me good-night, and it was understood we should meet again, at least I expected to see him in the morning. It was a bedroom into which he went, and the door was closed. The name by which the woman was called was Mary Ann. I did not see Stewart again that night, did not see him come out of the house. Don't know whether he staid all night or not. Have seen Stewart go into the back gate of the same house at other times. My place of business is in Newberry's block, and by going through an alley when the gate of 72 was open, you can see a person enter. Saw him two or three times enter the house. He has talked about it; he has passed through the store and told me he was going to this house of ill-fame. He has alluded to other visits than that on the night when I saw him go into the room. He said he had a good time. He mentioned to me once that he had a "big" or a "soft thing," as he called it, on the West side where he visited. This was during that season.

Q. Did he ever say anything to you about an affair at the Revere House? A. Yes, sir. He said there was a lady there. He came to the office and said that there was a lady from Indiana at the Revere House, and that he had stopped there, and had to be careful about getting down in the morning without being observed. He invited me to dine with them. This was in the season of the pic-nic—1865.

Q. Did the defendant ever become afflicted with venereal disease to your knowledge? A. The defendant had a disease in the season of 1865. He wanted me to examine him privately one day. He took me to the back door of the store and exposed his person. * * * Saw him about a week after and he was worse. He then came in and said he had syphilis. I made another examination and the parts looked foul. He asked me to examine him very often. At the time he first informed me of his disease, he said his family physician was attending him. The defendant during this period staid at my father's house all night. He slept in a bed and left marks on the sheets of discharge from his disease. I called his attention to it. I do not remember what he said. My attention was first called to it by others in the house.

CROSS-EXAMINED BY MR. DENT:

Q. In what time in the season of 1865 did you see defendant? A. In the spring.

Q. Where? A. At the store and at my father's house.

Q. What time in the spring? A. I can't tell. The weather was then so cool that their overcoats were needed. I saw him frequently. He came to the store three times a week, and sometimes oftener—sometimes daily. I was an old acquaintance. He frequently called at my father's house to spend the Sabbath. He did so half a dozen times in the season of 1866. My father's house is now, and was then, at 95 Oak street, north side. The picnic was in July or August, 1865, in mid-summer. Can't fix the date definitely. Have not been able to do so. Don't know when I first communicated these facts to any one; they were known to others beside myself; I first communicated these facts to any person, I think, last week. A person asked me if I knew anything about the case. That person was Washington Smith. This was in the office of 113 Kinnie street. No one was with him at the time, but others were present in the office. Do not know that I told him immediately. There was some preliminary conversation.

was a stranger to him and he to me. Part of this preliminary conversation was an introduction. He asked me if I knew anything of the case, and said he wished me to be frank and tell him what I knew. He asked me, and I was frank and told him, having seen something of the case. He was there half an hour. He said he had heard I knew something, and I was frank with him. I may have told this matter fifty times before, but to my recollection now, this was the first time I spoke of it. I don't think I did tell it fifty times before, but may have done so; won't swear I did not. Mr. Smith held out no inducements to me. He did not offer to pay me—no one has done so. I next told this story in the office of the plaintiff's lawyers last week. Think it was Wednesday or Thursday I saw Mr. Smith, and went to his lawyer's office Friday or Saturday. I went there alone, and at Mr. Smith's request. I did not tell them I might have told this fifty times before. I am acquainted with two men named Tunnicliffe—one was a detective, the other is employed in the court-house. Think I spoke to Mr. Tunnicliffe, the detective, about it during the past summer. I think I said, as I met him on Clark street, that, having heard of this case, I could give some testimony if I saw fit. This was in a lager beer saloon on the corner of Ontario and Clark street. I think I asked him how the Stewart case was getting along. I had heard that he had something to do with it. I understood Hart to say to me that Tunnicliffe was the one who caught him in the room at Michigan City. Don't know that I ever volunteered my services. Our conversation was brief. There were many present in the saloon. I told Tunnicliffe that I thought I might say something about that case if I chose to do so. He held out no inducements. Nothing else passed between us except a glass of beer. Don't know whether he paid for it or I, or each for his own drink. We did not exchange cards, for we were not strangers. Knowing that he knew something about the case, I spoke to him. I should have been just as apt to have done so if he had not been a detective. He did not mention his connection with the case. Have seen him since. Saw him in September. I think between the 10th and 20th. He came into the Sherman House saloon, under the corner, where I was. I did not converse with him about the case then. I never told Tunnicliffe what I knew about the case. Never was a detective myself. Was introduced to Tunnicliffe by friends. Did not then converse with him about the case. Have not conversed with him further than I have told you. I am friendly with the defendant now. Don't remember when I last saw him before to-day. It was at our house some time last summer. Think that was the last time. I was sick, and he came up to see me. This was after Stewart had the disease I spoke of. I became acquainted with him in Beloit, between '49 and '50. To be more explicit, I think it was in '52. Since '55 I have been in Beloit and Chicago. Came here in the spring of '56. Left again in '59, and remained in California four years, till '63, and then came to Chicago again. I have had no quarrel or outbreak with Mr. Stewart. I was subpœnaed and compelled to come here to testify. I did not consider this revelation particularly unfriendly to the defendant, and but an act of justice to Mr. Smith. The first occasion of my going with him to a lewd house was, I think, after the pic-nic—unless I except a long time ago, in '56. Don't know where the last mentioned house was—he piloted me. It was somewhere on Madison street. Stewart knew the character of the house at 72 Walls street when he went there in '65. A month or so before the picnic he came to me and said he wanted to go to such a place, and as an act of friendship I gave him a note. This was before the pic-nic.

Direct examination resumed:

Q. Had you been subpœnaed prior to the time you saw Washington Smith? A. I had.

Q. What was the name of the girl you gave him a note to? A. Her name was Mary Ann.

Q. Did he allude to it afterwards? A. He did, and said he had a good time.

TESTIMONY OF GEORGE HURLBURT.

George Hurlburt, sworn: I reside in Chicago; I have lived here since the fall of 1865; I know Hart L. Stewart; have known him more than a year; I know Rosetta Dudley, or a woman who goes by that name; she lived on the corner of Quincy and State streets the first time I knew her; Stewart gave me a card to her the first time I saw her; I think it was in the fall or winter of 1865; he gave it to me in my place of business, No. 69 Monroe street; he came in, and I asked him if he knew where I could find anything nice; he said he did, and gave me a note; he designated the lame woman as the one the card applied to; he told me previously that he was acquainted with a lady on the west side, to whom he gave an album; he said he went there, laid down on the bed, and she rubbed his head; I visited Mrs. Dudley after he gave me the card; I handed her the note some time after he gave it me; she read it, and asked me to come and see her; the house of Mrs. Dudley was "pulled" by the police in the spring of 1866; I was standing on the corner when the arrest was made; Mrs. Dudley lived on Quincy street four weeks or more after the house was "pulled;" she then moved to either 22½ or 222½ Clark street; I went there one day and saw Mrs. Dudley, her daughter and Stewart; Mrs. Dudley wanted me to go back, but I did not, and saw Stewart in the back room; I saw him there afterwards; it was on Sunday night, between 7 and 8 o'clock; he came in and stated that there was no church that evening; he was singing a song; I do not remember whether or not it was a psalm tune; I think it was a bawdy song; he staid about fifteen minutes, and went away; I saw Stewart in her house four or five weeks after she moved to Clark street; Mrs. Dudley told me to tell Hart that she did not want him to stay away; that he had promised to give her a muff, but that he need not stay away on that account; Stewart told me that the muff was ordered and nearly ready.

Cross-examined: I have lived in Chicago since September, 1865; can't say how long since I first became acquainted with defendant; I was first employed on Monroe street with Jas. Wadsworth; he had a coffee and spice mill; I am now in the same place; I am shipping clerk in the establishment; I first became acquainted with Stewart in the fall of 1865; I do not know who introduced me; I had lived in Jefferson county, Wis., three years before I came to Chicago, engaged in the milling business with my brother; I lived in Batavia, Greene county, New York, previous to that; I first related what I have testified to, some time last summer, to Mr. Sherman, counsel in this case, in his office on Dearborn street; I do not remember whether he sent a note to me, or came to see me; think the latter; I had not known him before; I had told Mr. Turtle what I knew; it was before I saw Mr. Sherman; Turtle sent a note to me; I went around to see him at his office on La Salle street; it was some time in the summer—May or June; I had never told anybody about this matter before; Turtle did not tell me anything about the case; he asked me what I knew of Hart L. Stewart; he held out no inducements to me; I saw no one else in regard to the case at that time. I did not see Washington Smith at that time. I saw him some time afterwards at Mr. Sherman's office. He did not hold out any inducements to me. I have not said that I would have $500 for my share; I did not tell Mrs. Dudley so; I do not recollect to having told her and Mary Wood that I was to have $500. I do not live with Mary Wood.

Q. Did you ever live with her? A. I decline to answer. She is not my wife.

[Counsel for prosecution argued that evidence which would disgrace witnesses would not be forced from him. Sustained by court.]

Q. What is the occupation of Mary Wood? A. I do not know what her occupation is.

Q. Has she any? A. I don't know.

Q. Is she not a prostitute?

The question was objected to and ruled out.

Cross-examined: I am well acquainted with Tunnicliffe, the detective; he is the only detective I know; the attorneys in this case are the only ones I have seen—Messrs. Smith, Goodrich and Sherman; I saw Mr. Sherman first, in Mr. Turtle's store, about the same time that I saw Mr. Turtle; I saw Mr. Turtle the same week; I did not make an appointment to meet Sherman at Turtle's office; Turtle requested me to have Minnie Wood come to his office and see him the same week; the first time I saw Minnie Wood she lived on Monroe street; she now lives on La Salle street; I went with her to the office; I saw Sherman there with Turtle; I don't know whether he was there when I came in or not; I have been at Turtle's office twice; I never saw Washington Smith there; I saw him at Mr. Sherman's office three or four weeks after I had been at Turtle's office; I first saw Turtle in June last; I have talked with the other counsel about the case, and at the place where I am employed; I do not think I told what I would testify to; I talked with Stewart every time he came to see me; I presume I told the people in the store where I am employed what I could swear to; I recollect to having told George Frost; I told him about his giving me the card to Mrs. Dudley; I don't recollect whether I told any one else or not; I think we were all talking about him when he came in; I told Frost about the same time that I saw Turtle; I don't know how I happened to tell Frost; he did not inquire of me; Turtle never came to see me; he sent a note to me; he had not sent a note at the time I told Frost; Stewart came into my place of business to read letters to me that he had written to his wife; he used to call me up stairs to read to me; I don't think I ever mentioned the card to Stewart; he came into the store yesterday morning; I have told Stewart that I was going to be a witness; he came into the store yesterday morning and said the ship was going down with flying colors, and asked me how I felt; I told him I was all right; I might have told Stewart in the Portland block that I was to be a witness; I was subpœnaed about the time the deposition of Louisa Miller was taken; I was to be called upon, but did not attend, because I was not called upon; I think it was in November or December; I answered to Mr. Turtle all the questions he asked me, immediately; I have not in my possession the note Turtle sent me; he stated in the note that he wished to see me at his office, but did not state what for; I do not recollect what the song was that Stewart sung; I never saw any criminal conduct nor any impropriety or misbehavior between Stewart and Rosetta Dudley; I never saw him there but twice; he conducted himself while there as any man would in such a place; I went there to see Minnie Wood.

Direct examination resumed: I had no idea, when I went to Turtle's office, what he wanted; it was previous to the time I saw him at Dudley's; he also gave me the note prior to the time I went to Turtle's; Turtle asked me what I knew about Stewart, and I told him that there were others who knew more than I did; Mr. Sherman was the first man who told me that I would be subpœned; I was not willing to be a witness; I told Mr. Sherman that I did not wish to be a witness; I told Stewart I would kick him out of the store if he ever read another letter to me; he said he would not come, but he did.

Cross-examined by Mr. Dent: He commenced reading letters to me as soon as I got acquainted with him; he read them so often that I have forgotten how many there were; he read them to me two or three times a week for almost a year; a short time after I told him he must not read any more letters to me; he told me he was not going to write her any more; he had a letter every time he came into court.

Charles Wadsworth sworn and examined by Mr. Smith—My name is Charles Wadsworth; I reside in Chicago; I have lived here for two or three years; I am employed by Wadsworth & Wells, in a general capacity about the store; recollect of going to a picnic at Desplaines in 1865, in July or August; the defendant went, and also Mr. Wentworth; we returned in the evening in company with Mr. Stewart and Wentworth; when we returned, we went to a house No. 72 Wells street—a house of ill-repute; Mr. Stewart went with us; there were four or five women in the house; we stayed there 15 or 20 minutes; from thence we went to a saloon kept by a Mr. Horne; I left my companions then and went home; Stewart exhibited to me his person in the summer of 1865, at the corner of Kinzie and Wells street, in a water-closet connected with the saloon mentioned; his parts were enlarged and inflamed; he made the exhibition to Wentworth and myself; I think a remark was made to the effect that he had syphilis.

Cross-examined by Mr. Dent—I do not remember whether it was at Mr. Stewart's suggestion that I went to the house on Wells street or not; he was not any more reserved than the rest of us on that occasion; I cannot state the exact time of our meeting at the water-closet; it might be a little before or a little after the time of our visit to Wells street.

Mrs. Cecile Sloan sworn—interrogated by Mr. Smith—I reside in Chicago; I know Hart L. Stewart since 1853; in the summer and fall of 1864 and 1865 I lived on Quincy street, near the corner of State; I know Rosetta Dudley by sight; I knew where her rooms were; I have seen Stewart go into her house once; that was in September, 1865; it was in the daytime, in the afternoon; he was alone; I saw him when he entered; I don't know how long he staid there.

Cross-examined by Mr. Dent—I do not remember who got me to testify here; it was some time in the summer; Washington Smith called on me, accompanied by Mrs. Smith; Sherman or Lyon did not call on me; no one else called on me in relation to this matter; Mrs. Stewart was with her father when he called on me; I had not told any one about it before; I live in the same building with Mrs. Dudley; I know nothing about the respectability of the building; Mrs. Dudley was not in the habit of calling on me; I saw Stewart go into the lower door of that house; I saw Washington Smith and his daughter last summer; I do not remember that they told me who gave them my name; I think they mentioned Mrs. Thomas' name; they did not say a detective told them about me; I heard of Mrs. Dudley's arrest after I moved away; I think it was several weeks after; Mr. Tunnicliffe, Mr. Webb, Mr. Kenny, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Turtle or Mr. Lyon did not call on me; no one has taken down some written statement that I know of; I live now at No. 46 Fourth avenue with my mother; I have no business at present; I have been sewing on Lake street, and left there six weeks ago; I was cashier for Mr. Renard, confectioner, on State street; I think I was there about 4 or 5 weeks; I believe I told Mrs. Dudley that Stewart was an old schoolmate of mine, and a nice young man; I attended the Dearborn school, on Madison street, with him; Mrs. Stewart never told me that she had employed detectives to get up a case for her.

Re-direct—The building on the corner of State and Quincy streets is not divided into separate tenements; there are three entrances to the building; I lived the first door west of Mrs. Dudley, with my husband and children.

Cross-examined—My husband died last August; did not live with him when he died; was divorced from him.

Mrs. Elizabeth Newport sworn—I have resided at 40 Newberry street, west side, since last winter; previous to that I resided on Quincy street, on the corner of State; do not remember the number; went to live there sometime in the beginning of last winter; I know Miss or Mistress Rosetta Dudley; she lived next door to the west of us; she was residing there when we went there; my husband is an engraver; I have seen the defendant there; saw him about three or four weeks after we went there I think; one morning about 5 o'clock I went into the room of Mrs. Dudley to borrow matches; I generally knocked before I went in, but this morning I opened the door and walked in without knocking; when I got in Mr. Stewart was standing by the stove in his stocking feet, and Mrs. Dudley introduced me to him as Mr. Stewart; he had no coat on; I am not sure that his vest was on; his hair was not combed; it looked as if it had not been combed that morning; Mrs. Dudley had a skirt, but no dress on; I am not certain that she had shoes on; she was not doing anything at the time, I think; there was a fire made; Mr. Stewart retired into the parlor: I only stayed in the room a few minutes; he went into the other room right off; I think it was in November or December that this occurred; my husband was pressed with business and had to get up early; when he got up he had to light the fire, and finding that there was no matches he told me to borrow some, which I did; I saw Stewart there a number of times, in the daytime and evening; I have often seen him go there in the evening as often as three or four times; he usually came there in the day time; many others came there—after this event a great number; I often heard him and Mrs. Dudley talking in their room; my kitchen door is situated with respect to Mrs. Dudley's bedroom at the head of the stairs; my kitchen door was at the other side of the hall and opposite to Mrs. Dudley's bed-room door; I could hear her talking from my kitchen; I heard her call out, "Oh, Hart Stewart, don't!" and I have heard laughing and romping together; I think it was on the bed; they were making a great noise; I should think they continued doing so for an hour; I was attracted by some noise in the other room, and I listened: I heard her mention his name more than once; one afternoon I saw him sitting on her lap; at the time they were writing on slips of papers, and handing them backward and forward to each other; he would write and hand a slip to her, and she would answer back again; I do not think I ever saw Stewart's photograph in possession of Mrs. Dudley; did not see any other familiarities between them; such as kissing or anything of that kind; I saw them sitting in the rocking chair; I only stayed in the room a few minutes, and I don't know how long they sat; the men very often came upon our stairs: but when we found out their character we had Mrs. Dudley's bedroom door fastened up, and then they did not come up; they came at all hours of the night; others came too and knocked at our door and inquired for Mrs. Dudley: we told them that Mrs. Dudley did not live there.

Before the door was fastened up men used to come sometimes as late as 12 o'clock, and one night they came at 1 o'clock in the morning, inquiring for Mrs. Dudley; they tried to force themselves in my entrance. Sometimes they used to swear.

Q. Were you building a house at that time. A. In order to get away Mrs. Dudley we went into our new house before the plaster was dry. We wanted to get out of the neighborhood. We hurried up our new building to get away from them as soon as possible. As soon as we found out the character of the house we lived in, we went away.

Cross-examination by Mr. Dent.

In the fall of 1865 we removed to Newberry street; I am not certain of the month; it was late in the fall; the house was cold. We have lived at the new house since. Went to the house on Quincy street in the beginning of the winter of 1865; it must have been before the Christmas of 1864; I am not sure how long before. It was in 1865 that we lived in the house on Quincy street. I think it was before Christmas; it may have been the September of 1864. Before Sept. 1864 I had been boarding on Monroe street, at Mrs. Perley's; I boarded there two or three months; I do not recollect at what time I went there; I think it was about the time of the Sanitary fair. Prior to that time I was living in a house on Gurley street, between Harrison and Silver streets; I do not recollect the number; it was a cottage house; I lived there about two or three months. I have two brothers; one of them is a detective; his name is James Webb. I recollect that he was connected with this case as a detective; I heard so about a month ago, I should think. I think it was in 1865 that I went into Mrs. Dudley's room for the matches; it was just after "New Years." Mrs. Dudley was in our rooms when we went in; they were selling some furniture when we were there; her sister, Minnie Tower was in there. We bought some of her furniture—a couple of articles. They moved across the hall. Her sister was occupying our rooms and Mrs. Dudley was in the others. Their mother lived with them. I became acquainted with Mrs. Dudley on going to that house, and retained her acquaintance while living there; she had the appearance of a lady; she frequently came in and borrowed things, and I would go into her rooms. So was her mother a nice lady, and she would often come in and sit with me. I don't know but what we were quite friendly. Her mother was there when I went there. Her mother left the city soon after we moved there; I don't know when she returned; I think she returned during the five or six months we lived there; her name was Mrs. Tower. I was on friendly terms with Mrs. Dudley's sister. I think Mr. Stewart visited the house while the mother was there; the mother was there about New Year's day. We used to exchange civilities. She came in on New Year's day to wish us a happy new year. My husband did not wish her to come into our rooms; we had found out her character. When my husband told her this, she went into the hall, raged and was very angry. About the New Year's of 1866 I first discovered her character. I do not think it was more than a week before New Year's. I got the matches, I think, about two or three months before. It was about a couple of months before New Year's that I heard them in the bed-room. I could tell Stewart by his voice, and she said, "Hart L. Stewart, don't." I was sitting in the kitchen reading when I heard a noise; they were laughing and making a great noise. I don't think my room-door was closed at the time. I was waiting the return of my husband coming to supper; the weather was cold then; the door was open but a few minutes; it was the kitchen door; it opened on the hall; the hall that was resorted to a good deal; no one had occasion to use the hall but us; the hall was connected with no other rooms in the building except Mrs. Dudley's bed-room; and there was the door that led out on the piazza; it was a little bit of a hall; it was nearly square; the steps led up to our kitchen door; the door at the foot of the stairs led to the street; should think it was about 7 o'clock in the evening when I heard them; it was in the beginning of the winter of 1865; had been introduced to Stewart before the match affair; should think about seven or eight months; Minnie Tower introduced me in her mother's house; knew Mr. Stewart's voice, for I had heard him speaking and talking before with Mrs. Dudley in my presence once or twice; heard his voice in the bedroom; I don't remember exactly what they said; they were talking and laughing; that was after New Year's; before that time I had heard nothing to make me suspect her; when I went to borrow the matches it was in the beginning of winter; do not know the month; Stewart was in his stocking feet; Mrs. Dudley had no dress on; she introduced Stewart to me; my suspicions with regard to Mrs. Dudley were excited; the next time I saw her I asked her who Stewart was; she replied that "he was her man;" she said that he was getting a bill of divorce from his wife, and that he would, after he had got the bill, marry her; she told me that he was her constant visitor; when she was sick he was by her bedside; he would pray with her and try to get her to pray; that he bought her dresses and paid her rent; it was about a month after that I went in and saw him sitting in her lap; that was about a month before New Year's; I remained in the room at that time but a few minutes; what I saw excited my suspicion; I broke off intercourse with her soon after that; don't think I went into her room after that; this was about a month before New Year's day; saw Stewart in the house twice; saw him, however, go in several times—about three or four times; first saw him go into the house in the beginning of the winter of 1864, soon after we moved into the rooms on Quincy street; think it was my husband whom I first told what I have testified to here; the next person to whom I told it was my brother; am not sure of the time I told my brother; it was about two or three months ago; do not know exactly how it was; we were talking, and the subject was brought out in some way; myself, husband, my brother and his wife were talking; think that was all; that was in my brother's house; think I brought up the subject; don't know how it originated; my brother did not tell me that he was concerned in the case as a detective; he was never in the Quincy street house but once; think it was in 1865; cannot tell the time; he knew I was living there; he came to see me; he was on a friendly visit; he did not say anything about being engaged as a detective. I think it is with Turtle's detective agency he is connected—am not certain; I have two sisters, one lives on Twelfth street, and the other is married and lives with mother; the next person I told of this matter was Mr. Smith, at my house, on Newberry street; I think it was two or three months ago; I mean Washington Smith; Mrs. Stewart was present with him at the time; think they introduced themselves to me; told them what I knew about these matters, but not right off when they came into the house; they asked me what I knew in the case; I told them I was willing to testify to anything I knew. They did not tell me that my brother knew about the matter; nor did they mention him; don't know how they found out that he did; they offered no inducements or entreaties to me at all; Mrs. Stewart did not cry or get on her knees and ask me to tell; she may have cried but did not get on her knees; no one else present at the time; my husband was not present; they did not make any notes that I know of; think they were there four or five hours; don't know that Mrs. Stewart cried; do not think she did; there were tears in her eyes; she seemed to feel bad about her troubles; next told the matter to my parents, about a month ago, at my father's house, on Adams street, about a quarter of a mile from where I lived; no one was present except our family—my father, mother and sisters; do not know that I told any one else; did not tell Sherman nor Lyon nor any detective; no detective called on me; Mr. A. Sherman talked to me about the affair; told him what I knew about it; there was no other person that I told; Mr. Sherman came on a visit with his wife, in the afternoon; did not tell any one that I did not recognize Mr. Stewart; did not say to some person that I saw a man in his stocking feet in the house, but did not know who he was; did not say anything about it to any other detective than my brother; was subpœnaed about a week ago; was not served with any subpena before; have not been on friendly relations with Mrs. Dudley's sister since I found them out; that was on New Year's, 1866; since then I do not think I have seen her; did not see her to converse with her on this subject; then ceased exchanging calls with her; have not been on intimate terms with Mrs. Dudley's mother since; rented the rooms of Mrs. Tower, Mrs. Dudley's mother; did not take tea with Mrs. Dudley and her mother; do not think I did; frequently saw her on the back piazza.

Direct examination resumed by Judge Goodrich: I have lived on Newberry street since the winter of 1866; boarded on Monroe street at the time of the sanitary fair, and moved to Quincy street in the following October; the facts I have stated occurred during the time I lived there then; never lived there before or since.

I spoke to my brother James, the detective, about this case; did not at that time know he had any connection with it; there has been great opposition on the part of my family in relation to my becoming a witness; the objection has been made by them all; my brother James included; did not see Mrs. Dudley's mother at the house on the morning when I saw Stewart; there was no one else there; Mr. Sherman was an acquaintance of mine; he was also a friend of Mr. Stewart.

Cross-examined by Mr. Dent: Know Mr. Sherman was a friend of Mr. Stewart because he told me so two or three times when I called on him; he said Mr. Stewart often called on him; when Mrs. Stewart and her father called on me they did not promise not to call me as a witness; Mrs. Dudley's mother was living with her when I went for the matches.

Direct examination resumed by Judge Goodrich: I expected this trial would come on at an earlier date; I left the city in order to avoid becoming a witness.

Cross examined by Mr. Dent: When I left the city I went to Waukegan; I was gone about a week; Mrs. Sherman went with me; she remained a week after I returned; I had no other friends there; it was about five or six weeks ago.

Allison Newport sworn—Interrogated by Mr. Smith: I am the husband of the witness who has just left the stand; my occupation is engraving and stencil-plate making; I can't say positively as to the date when we removed to Quincy street, but I think it was in the latter part of October or the first of November, 1865; I afterwards removed to Newberry street, and built a house there; I know Rosetta Dudley; I carried on business while living in Quincy street, in the building of the Fourth National Bank, on the corner of Monroe street and Custom House alley; was at my business during week days; I went home to dinner; did not then know anything wrong about Rosetta Dudley; she lived with her mother and had the appearance of being a nice woman; in September, I think, I first discovered improper evidences; men came up the steps at a late hour of the night, inquiring for Mrs. Dudley; before this she had lived with her mother; I never saw her mother after; after I ascertained positively that she was not a proper character, we broke off intimacy with her; she came in on New Year's morning to wish us a Happy New Year, and I spoke right up and said, "Mrs. Dudley, I don't think you are a proper person to associate with my wife;" she was angry and went out; I can't say that that she used any profanity; we did not have anything more to say to her after that; drunken men were there at times raising a disturbance; they seemed to throw off all cover and act openly; the police noticed it and I was afraid the house would be indicted; I never saw Mr. Stewart until the other day in the court-house; I was once shown his picture by Mr. Washington Smith; my friends were very much opposed to my wife testifying in this case, and so was I; when I was subpœned I was angry and said things, perhaps, I ought not to have said.

Cross-examined by Mr. Dent: I learnt that James Webb was working up the case, on the afternoon when myself and wife were taking tea in Mr. Sherman's house; I cannot tell the date; he said he was connected with the case; he was then working with Turtle's detective agency; he said he was working up the case, I think, perhaps, he might have said for Mrs. Stewart. James Webb came up into our rooms once on a visit, I suppose to see his sister; This was when we were living at the corner of Quincy and State streets; he may have come to see what he could find out; when I first knew he was connected with the case my wife spoke of it; this was after we moved to Newberry street; at the time he visited us at the corner of State and Quincy street I did not know that he was connected with the case; James Webb has been universally opposed to his sister's coming on the stand.

Mr. Smith called at my shop two or three times and said he wanted my wife to go on the witness stand. I told him I would see her, and call and see him. I went to see him and met him in front of his store. He had just driven up, and handed me the picture and asked me whether I knew the man; that was three or four months ago.

Charles P. Kinney sworn: I am an attorney-at-law by profession. I have seen Rosetta Dudley. I know Hart L. Stewart by sight, but have no acquaintance with him. I have been at the rooms of Mrs. Dudley, on Quincy street. I saw Mr. Stewart there on two occasions, in the latter part of November, 1865. The occasion of my being there was that I went to see a client—Minerva Kelly. Stewart came while I was there; he came in the kitchen door. There were three rooms in Mrs. Dudley's—a kitchen and two bed-rooms. I was in the front room when Stewart came in. There were two stairways to Mrs. Dudley's room, I understand. When he entered the room, the door between that and the room where I was was open; there was a light [illegible] at the time. I went into the other room when Stewart came in, at the request of Mrs. Kelly. That was between 8 and 9 P. M.; I remained in the bedroom three quarters of an hour, talking with Miss Kelly. There was a bed in the large room. I saw a man and a woman in bed when I went out. It was not light enough for me to distinguish faces at that time. I think the kitchen door was locked and the key inside. After Stewart came in I did not hear any one go out; I do not think any one went out. I heard no noise. Everything was quiet. I saw no one except the two who were in the bed. Saw Stewart there on a subsequent occasion; Stewart went out shortly after I came in. There was no one in the kitchen when I went in the second time; the door was opened by Mrs. Dudley, and she went into the front room, with the door partially closed. She remained there a few minutes before Stewart came out, and then came into the kitchen.

DEPOSITION OF LOUISA A. MILLER.

The prosecution here offered in evidence the deposition of Louisa A. Miller, a witness examined before the master in chancery, which was read to the jury by Mr. Sherman, one of the counsel for the prosecution.

Louisa A. Miller deposed as follows, on the part of the complainant: My name is Louisa A. Miller; live in Chicago; have resided here about three years; am 19 years old; knew Mr. Stewart since last December; was residing at the time I first became acquainted with him at No. 6 Quincy street, up stairs; no one but Mrs. Dudley resided in the same room; could not positively say whether her baptismal name is Rosella or Rosetta; she used both of them; could not exactly tell, but I think it was two or three days after I went to reside there that I saw the defendant there; went there on the 8th day of December, 1865, and left on the 23d day of April, 1866; Mr. Stewart used to come in the morning, at noon and in the evening; sometimes two or three times a week; perhaps, sometimes, most every day in the week; he has been there from 12 till 2 o'clock at night; never saw him there but one morning as late as 2 o'clock; have seen Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Dudley in bed together, don't know whether you would call it improper or what; have seen them in my bedroom together at other times in the afternoon—that is all; couldn't tell how often; whenever he would call in the afternoon; perhaps two or three times a week—sometimes oftener; on such occasions they would remain in the bedroom together from half an hour to an hour and a half—sometimes two hours; on such occasions my bedroom door was always shut; on such occasions sometimes I was in the sitting-room; more times in the kitchen; don't recollect whether I ever saw Mr. Dudley sit on Stewart's lap; have seen them sitting on the bed together; but don't know how many times; it was a frequent sitting place for them both: don't remember seeing him have his hand on her person on those occasions: when they were sitting on the bed together they would be doing nothing: only just talking: have seen him kiss her: then he would go away or come in. On the occasion in question, I retired about half-past 11 P. M., I think: and when I passed through the room I saw them in bed together: would know him when I see him: and I saw his face and his clothes.

Mr. Miller here requested the commissioner to put down the remark made by the witness, as she was looking at the defendant: "Did you ever see me before."

Complainant's counsel stated that they had no objection to the commissioner putting down that statement if he also would add the fact in the same connection, that Mr. Stewart was, at the time, sitting directly in front of the witness, staring her in the face in a most impudent manner, as if to intimidate her, or look her out of countenance.

He called about 9 o'clock in the evening with another gentleman by the name of Mr. Walker: they brought with them a bottle of wine: they drank it, and had a pleasant time: after which Mr. Stewart said he must go home: he went out and returned in about a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes: that time I was in my room: had retired: Mrs. Dudley had tied my bedroom door shut from the outside. I staid there about half an hour when I came through her room to come to the kitchen, and saw Mr. Stewart in bed with her. It was then about 1 o'clock. Of course I thought it was Mr. Stewart, and to satisfy myself came through for that purpose. He had always denied doing anything of the kind. Well, I came through, and as I did, I took hold of the bed clothes and gave them a jerk off from his face, and saw that it was him; as I came through he pulled the clothes over his face, and I pulled them off; he did not say anything to me at the time, but he spoke to Mrs. Dudley about it, and she told me in the morning; his hat lay on the bureau, and his coat, vest and pants lay across the chair; there was a lamp in the room, but it was turned down and I turned it up; he went by the name of "Charley Wentworth," then "Charley Stewart," and then "Hart L. Stewart" at Mrs. Dudley's; there were three rooms in the apartments of Mrs. Dudley and myself; they were kitchen, bed-room and sitting-room; there was a bed in the sitting-room—the one Mrs. Dudley occupied; the bed in which I saw Mrs. Dudley and Mr. Stewart was in the sitting-room; the Mr. Stewart here present on this examination is the party of whom I have spoken; he promised to make her a present of a mink muff, but she never received it while I was there.

Cross-examination by Mr. Miller—Have not had any conversation with any one about this case; came here this morning with Washington Smith, father of the complainant; came in his carriage from Lyon & Sherman's office; Lyon & Sherman are lawyers employed in this case; know it because I have talked with them; don't remember how many times, probably three or four; it was in the month of June or July last; I did not speak with them before that; spoke to them about it at their office, room 57, Reynolds' block; this was in June; had been acquainted with them before June; my best recollection is that I first spoke to them on this subject in June or July; I have been acquainted with them slightly, about two years; have met them at the Good Templar's lodge; that is where I got acquainted with them; it's a temperance order; that is all I know about it; the order met at the corner of West Randolph and Union streets: first met Lyon & Sherman there from one year and a half to two years ago; never met them at any place before, with the exception of Mr. Lyon: met him once at the post office: do not remember when it was: it was during this year: met him in the hall of the post office, on the east side of the building: we passed nothing but the compliments of the day: I do not know how I happened first to go to their office: was passing by, and thought I would drop in: didn't know they had anything to do with this case, only what Mrs. Thomas told me; she told me that Stewart's wife wanted to get a divorce from him, and that Mr. Sherman was her attorney; from what source she obtained her information I cannot say; that is all she said to me; she spoke only of Mr. Sherman, not of Mr. Lyon; she did not tell me who Mrs. Stewart was; Mr. Stewart had spoken of it himself, before I knew Mrs. Thomas; he told me after Mrs. Dudley told me; he told me his wife lived on the avenue, but did not say which avenue, whether Michigan or Wabash; knew who her father was, and that she was living with her father; knew what her father's name was, but did not know the number of her residence, nor on which one of the avenues she lived; that was all I went to Sherman & Lyon's office for—simply to learn where Mrs. Stewart lived; met Mr. Sherman only when I called at his office; nothing was said only that he said he would try to find out where she lived; didn't stay there but a very few minutes; stated my business to him—that I wished to find out where Mrs. Stewart lived; told him that her father's name was Smith—that his given name I had forgotten; he told me that he would drop a note to her; gave him her address as Mrs. Hart L. Stewart; he told me to call again in a few days, and perhaps he would have an answer; that is all that was said at that time; nothing was said about the case; the first time I went there, I went to ascertain where she lived; after he had written the letter, we talked about the case; Mr. Sherman did not ask me about the case at my first visit; I called again in three or four days; I found both Mr. Lyon and Mr. Sherman in; I had seen Mrs. Thomas in the meantime; I talked the matter over with her; I told her all; we talked about it every day; we have done so from the time I first saw Mr. Sherman to the present day; Mrs. Thomas was living then, as now, at No. 34 Quincy street; I have called at Messrs. Sherman & Lyon's office since my second visit, several times—perhaps half a dozen; I have not always called upon this business; I have called to see them. I had no particular business; I called on a young lady, and when she was not in, would wait for her in Lyon & Sherman's office; I do not know that it would be proper to mention the lady's name; she might object to having her name connected with this case in any way; she has nothing to do with it as I know of; I have not talked with her about it; her room was one flight above that of Messrs. Sherman & Lyon; I don't know whether she was married or single; I always found her alone; I do not know whether any one was rooming with her; I never met any one there and could not tell whether she had a roommate or not; I have spoken to Mr. Lyon about this case at my boarding place; he called twice to see me. When I retired on the night referred to Mrs. Dudley was in the sitting-room. Mr. Stewart said he had to go home but returned again; he had gone out when I retired to my room. I was getting ready to retire when he went out, and retired but a few moments when he went out; he went out between 10 and 11 o'clock; there is no particular circumstance that enables me to fix the time; he left his friend Mr. Walker there, when he went out; how long Mr. Walker stayed I decline to answer, because it may have a tendency to disgrace myself. Stewart hadn't been gone but a very few minutes before some one returned. Mrs. Dudley said to me I am going now to tie this door; there is a particular friend of mine here. She tied the door with a small piece of rope. I, of course, thought it was Mr. Stewart who had returned, and I came through her room out of my room, and saw Mr. Stewart in bed with her. As near as I can come to it, I guess it was between 2 and 3 o'clock when Mr. Stewart left that night. It might have been earlier or later. That was the night that I saw them in bed together. It was about half-past 12 o'clock when I went through the room. It is more than I can tell who Mr. Walker is. I don't know any other name for him but Jimmy Walker. You will have to refer to Mr. Stewart, as he is better acquainted with him. I do not know where Walker lives. I have not seen him since last winter. He called at the house one or twice after that, since which time I have not seen him. I do not know any means by which his whereabouts can be ascertained. I have talked with no one but Mr. Kenny besides Sherman, Lyon and Mrs. Thomas. All I know about Kenny is that he is a lawyer. His place of business is on West Randolph street, but the number I don't know. It is between Canal and Clinton, on the north side of the street. He was doing business for me at the time. I don't know that it is necessary to state what that business was. I was working on the West side, and I sued for my wages; sued Mrs. Fiene; don't know her first name; she had no business; done general house-work—helped around the house; sometimes she kept boarders; was with her from the latter part of October until the 6th of December; she had with her her husband, a clerk of the store, and another gentleman; she lived at 316 West Lake street; she had with her, also, the gentlemen's wife that boarded there. I had not agreed on my wages with her—she had not agreed to give me any wages; did not make any bargain with her. The agreement was that I should assist her in whatever she wished me. There was nothing said as to what I should do; did not receive the visits of gentlemen while there.

Q. Had you been accustomed to receive the visits of gentlemen at any time prior to your going to No. 6 Quincy street? A. I decline to answer that question, because it may have a tendency to disgrace myself; the husband of Mrs. Fiene kept a grocery store; before going to Mrs. Fiene's I had been living with a dressmaker, on Wells street, near Harrison; her name was Bond; think I lived with her from some time in August to the latter part of October; assisted her in dressmaking; did not receive the visits of gentlemen while there; went by the name of Louisa Miller—that I have always gone by; when I advertised for correspondents I gave a fictitious name; went by the name of Mrs. Burt as long as I had a right to; had that right from the 15th September, 1862, until December, 1864; at that period I was with my mother and father part of the time, and part of the time at Joliet; was married to V. D. Burt on the 15th of September, in La Salle, Ill.; do not know where he is now; have not seen him for two years; am not divorced; was with Burt till I found I was not his lawful wife; prior to my going to Mrs. Bond's I had been living with my mother and father on Adams street, opposite the armory; had been living with them a year; decline to tell my father's name, because I don't want it mentioned in this case; was not acquainted with Mrs. Dudley before I went to No. 26 Quincy street; at that time I had no business; first mentioned this case to Mr. Kenny when it was published in the papers; have talked with none but interested parties, Mr. Smith, Mr. Goodrich, Mrs. Thomas and Mr. Kenney; first spoke to Mr. Washington Smith, father of Mrs. Stewart, about it some time in June, after I had seen Mr. Stewart and Mr. Lyon; spoke to Mr. Smith about the matter some four or five times, and to Judge Goodrich twice; have been living with Mrs. Thomas, No. 34 Quincy street, since the 7th of last May; I decline to state what Mrs. Thomas' business is, because she may not like to have her business known; my true name is Louisa A. Miller; I rented my room at No. 6 Quincy street of Mrs. Dudley or Mrs. Ransom; she went by both names; I went there on the 8th of December, 1865, and left there on the 23d day of April, 1866; the time when I saw Stewart and Mrs. Dudley in bed together was about the 20th of December; between that and the 1st of January; I came through her room, and seeing a gentleman in bed with her, and thinking it was Mr. Stewart, I gave the bedclothes a pull—which he had drawn over his face—to see if it was him; I recognized his clothes on the chair; I then turned up the lamp and left the room, after satisfying myself that it was him; there was nothing said at the time; Mr. Stewart laughed when I pulled the bedclothes, but he pulled them over his face again; I recognized him at the time, and have no doubt as to his identity; I remained in the bed-room but a few minutes; the reason I turned the lamp up was to get a brighter light to enable me to get the water, and to satisfy myself whether it was Mr. Stewart or not; previous to my retiring to my own room Mr. Stewart and Mr. Walker had called there to spend the evening and brought a bottle of wine with them; I do not know whether it was Stewart or Walker that brought the wine; they both came together somewhere in the neighborhood of 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening; I do not remember what day of the week it was. I have seen Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Dudley sitting on the bed together several times, sometimes on the bed in the sitting-room, and sometimes on the bed in my room. They used to sit on my bed oftener than on Mrs. Dudley's bed. I paid Mrs. Dudley as rent for my room $20 for the first month, and $12 a month after that; she did not board me; I furnished everything myself—light, fuel and victuals; I decline to answer the question whether I have ever been before the police court, as it would have a tendency to disgrace me. There were several ladies living in the same house—Mrs. Newport, Mrs. Thomas and Miss Buss. Mrs. Thomas is the lady I am boarding with now; she then lived underneath us; I became acquainted with her there a short time before I left Mrs. Dudley's; when I left Mrs. Dudley's I left the city and went to Laporte, Ind., with Miss Russ, who invited me to accompany her on a visit to her father, who resides at that place; I never went by the name of Frank Adams; I advertised for correspondence under the name of Ella A. Adams; I never went by the name of Frank Lewis, except when I answered correspondence. I gave my name at the police court as Frank Lewis at the time Mrs. Dudley and all of us were arrested on the 2d of last April. I never gave any other name at the police court but that, because I never was there but that time. Minnie Woods, Miss Russ and Mrs. Thomas were arrested at the same time. Mr. Sherman and Mr. Goodrich took down in writing the statement of facts which I am to testify to in this case, and nobody but them, at their office. Such statement was taken down by Mr. Sherman at different times last June, when I first called on him. I called on him first after he had received a letter from or seen Mr. Washington Smith. At that time I told him pretty much all I knew about the case. Mr. Sherman didn't tell me at the time what he was going to do with my statement; he merely told he was going to show it to Mr. Washington Smith. I have since seen the statement in Mr. Sherman's possession. I have talked with nobody about this case since my examination on Saturday, except Mrs. Thomas.

Direct examination resumed—The occasion of my leaving Mr. Burt was, that I found out he had a wife and two children before he married me; did not know it at the time of my marriage with him; left him immediately after I found it out; Mrs. Dudley, when taken to the police court, gave her name as Rosalie Dawson; on the night Mrs. Dudley was in bed with Stewart my bed-room door was tied with a small piece of rope to the knob of the door, and wound round a nail that was stuck in the side of the door; when I took hold of the door the nail broke loose; when I entered the door I could see objects distinctly; the lamp was not turned very low.

Cross-examination resumed—Q. Did you institute criminal proceedings against Mr. Burt after you found out he had a wife living? A. I did not institute criminal proceedings against Mr. Burt; he was not living with his wife at Joliet when I was there; she was not there at the time; I did not know he had a wife at the time, and of course I did not know where she was living at the time.

TESTIMONY OF MINNIE WOOD.

Minnie Wood sworn—Examined by Mr. Smith—I know the defendant; know the woman Rosetta or Rosilla Dudley; first knew her about the 8th of August, 1865; she then lived at 309 South Clark street.

Q. How long did you remain on Clark street before she moved to Quincy street? A. I only remained in Clark street about two days.

Q. How soon after did you see Stewart? A. Saw Stewart within two or three days after we went to Quincy street; I was at my place of business in the day time; I used to see Stewart then frequently in the evening; I left Mrs. Dudley about the last of September.

Q. About how frequently did you see Stewart there; give us a general idea? A. Three or four times a week.

Q. What would he do—what did you see? A. He talked.

Q. While at Quincy street did you see familiarities between him and Mrs. Dudley? A. I did.

Q. What were they? A. I saw them kiss each other, and saw her sit on his lap. I saw them, also sit on the bed together.

Q. On Quincy street did you see them closeted in the bedroom together? A. I did.

Q. How long? A. Sometimes two hours at a time, and generally whenever he came.

Q. When was this kissing business—on his arrival and departure? A. Yes, sir, on his arrival and departure, and they also embraced.

Q. Was Mrs. Dudley ever arrested? A. Yes, sir; about ten days after she came there she was arrested and taken to the armory. When she went away from Quincy street she removed to 222½ South Clark street.

Q. How many rooms were there at that place? A. There were four.

Q. Did you have rooms there? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you live on Clark street with Mrs. Dudley? A. I boarded with her there.

Q. After she moved back, did Stewart come then? A. He did; about a month after, I should think.

Q. How did he come to go there again? A. He was sent for by Mrs. Dudley. She said he had promised her a muff, and said he need not stay away on that account—she wanted him to come.

Q. She wanted him, muff or no muff? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How soon did he come after that? A. Soon after. He came quite often when she moved on Clark street. He came in the afternoon, and not so much in the evening. The arrest was talked over there. I left there on the 20th of July last. Stewart continued his visits till I left.

Q. How did he conduct himself on these occasions? A. He came in, took off his coat and vest and threw himself on the bed, generally every time he came. He usually staid two or three hours. This was in the summer time. On some of these occasions he was closetted or shut up in one of the back rooms, which was her room, with her, and remained from one to two hours.

Q. Did he come there on Sunday? A. He came there one Sunday evening. He came in company with some one. He sang some songs, and said something about church.

Q. What kind of songs did he sing? Were they psalm or hymn tunes, or something the reverse? A. Something the reverse.

Q. Let me call your attention to Quincy street again. Was you rather sick while there? A. Yes, sir, two or three weeks. About two or three weeks after I came there, I was confined to my bed. I did not know then that there was anything wrong about Mrs. Dudley or Stewart.

Q. Did Stewart visit you there? A. He did.

Q. Did he come while you were sick in bed? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did he make any improper propositions to you? A. He did.

Q. What did he do? A. He wanted to go to bed with me.

Q. Did he do anything else? A. He did.

Q. What was it? A. He first knelt down and prayed with me.

Q. Did he want to pray first and then go to bed? A. He did.

Q. What did you say to him? A. I told him I thought he had better travel.

Q. Did he leave then? A. He left the room.

Q. While rooming at 202 Clark street, was Mrs. Dudley receiving visits from different men? A. She was.

Q. Did they stay with her all night? A. Yes, sometimes every night.

Q. Did Stewart ever bring men there? A. Stewart on two different occasions brought men there.

Q. Where did Mrs. Dudley procure men on other occasions, when Stewart did not bring them? A. On other occasions she procured men on the street; she went out and picked them up.

Q. Then she swung round the circle, did she? How many others did she pick up? A. I can't say.

Q. Did she have any other regular customers except Stewart? A. Yes, sir.

Cross-examined by Mr. Dent: Q. What is your name? A. Mary J. Thompson.

Q. Did you ever answer to the name of Minnie Wood? A. I did. I answered to that name in the subpœna and when I first came to Chicago, a year ago, because I didn't want my parents to know where I was.

Q. Are you married or single? A. I am married.

Q. Where is your husband? A. I don't know.

Q. Have you gone by any other name since you were married? A. Not for any length of time.

Q. What other name have you answered? A. I decline to answer, because I don't think it concerns the case.

An answer being required by the court, witness said:

I went by the name of Hattie Warren at one time.

Q. What other names have you assumed in Chicago? A. The name of Mrs. Curtis.

Q. What other name? A. The name of Mrs. Hurlburt.

Q. What other or others? A. That is all.

Q. When did you assume the name of Mrs. Hurlburt? A. Last summer.

Q. Mrs. Geo. Hurlburt? A. Yes, sir; I heard he was a witness in this case.

Q. Have you been accustomed to receive visits from gentlemen since you came to Chicago? A. I decline to answer.

Objected to and objection overruled.

A. I have been accustomed to do so.

Q. Have you been accustomed to inviting such visits?

Objected to. The court decided that the question was proper; that it is perfectly proper to inquire into the occupation of a witness, and if it proves to be disreputable, then the witness must suffer.

A. I have invited them at times.

Q. In what way? A. By asking them to call and see me.

Q. Have you invited strangers? A. No, sir.

Q. Were you brought here by Mr. Hurlburt? A. Yes, sir, he came for me.

Q. How do you support yourself? A. By sewing; that is the only way.

Q. Have you not supported yourself from the donations of gentlemen who have visited you, in whole or in part?

Objected to by Mr. Smith, and objection overruled.

A. I have not.

Q. Do you deny having received anything from gentlemen who have visited you?

The question was objected to and not answered.

Q. Have you supported yourself since you have been in Chicago, in part, by prostitution? A. I decline to answer the question.

Q. On what ground do you decline to answer it?

Objected to, on the ground that it is for the court to decide, and not the witness.

The case is still on.

THE GREAT CHICAGO DIVORCE CASE.

MRS. EMILIE J. STEWART vs. REV. HART L. STEWART.

Intense Public Interest in the Suit.

Appearance of the Parties Litigant in Court.

Opening Addresses of Counsel on Both Sides.

What they Respectively Propose to Prove.

Recital of the Reverend Defendant's Festive Adventures.

His Counsel Claim that He is the Victim of a Conspiracy.

OPENING OF THE TESTIMONY FOR PLAINTIFF.

Developments of an un-Ministerial Character.

The long pending divorce suit in which Mrs. Emilie J. Stewart is plaintiff, and Rev. Hart L. Stewart defendant, and of which mention has been made in these columns, came on for trial in the Circuit Court at Chicago, last Wednesday, before Hon. Judge Jameson and a jury.

As might be expected from the peculiar nature of the case, the position of the parties concerned, and the interest which this domestic imbroglio had created in the public mind, the attendance in the court-room was large even to repletion.

A noticeable feature of the preliminary proceedings was, that no difficulty nor delay was experienced in obtaining a jury acceptable to both sides. The last drawn juror, Mr. Reynolds, is an intimate friend of the defendant, and a member of the same church. The prosecution did not hesitate for a moment to accept Mr. Reynolds. So not only an old friend, but a brother in the church, is one of the persons who are to decide upon the guilt or innocence of the defendant.

Mr. Stewart appeared in court dressed in a complete suit of black, and evidently had prepared himself for the occasion. Throughout the day his manner was for the most part calm and collected, though at times an amount of nervous excitability was noticeable. His face was cleanly shaved, a light sandy moustache ornamented his upper lip, and he wore a beard on his chin.

Mrs. Stewart, the plaintiff, remained in court until the examination of witnesses commenced. She was very neatly attired in black, with fur cape and muff, and black hat ornamented with blue flowers. Mrs. Stewart is not a beautiful woman according to the classic model, but has a winning prepossessing face, and her manners as well as her looks are pleasing—almost fascinating. Her hair is light, her eyes of a mild, blue color; her complexion clear and light, and her face rather thin. She is rather taller than the average of women, and is, to the casual observer, a lady of commanding appearance. She is a member of the Wabash Avenue Presbyterian Church, and by all who knew her is accepted as a pure and devout Christian. She was accompanied in court by her mother and a lady friend.

Washington Smith, father of the complainant, was in court all day. Mr. Smith is a man of irreproachable character, and is reputed to be worth at least $500,090. He is a senior member of the firm of Smith & Bliss, wholesale grocers, 45 South Water street. The sisters and other relatives and friends of Mr. Stewart were also present during the day.

Messrs. Goodrich, Farevell, Smith, 'Sherman, and Lyon appeared as counsel for the plaintiff; the defendant's interests being represented by Messrs. Arrington and Dent. All of these gentlemen are regarded as being among the ablest members of the Chicago bar.

After the jury were sworn in, Mr. Sydney Smith opened the case in behalf of the plaintiff, substantially as follows:

I will now state to you this case, on behalf of the unfortunate lady who appears as the complainant. Our statute provides several grounds of divorce, and among them it provides "that a divorce may be granted when either party has committed adultery subsequent to marriage." In this case the complainant has filed her bill, asking for a divorce on the ground of adultery, in pursuance of the clause of the statute, the words of which I have just read to you. She charges in her bill that the defendant committed adultery at divers times and places, and with lewd women in the city of Chicago, during the years 1865 and 1866—both of which are subsequent to their marriage.

The defendant made and filed an answer, denying these charges of adultery. The statute provides that in all cases of divorce where the defendant shall appear and deny the charges in the bill specially alleged, an issue being thus formed, the same shall be tried by a jury. In pursuance of the statute and the practice in such cases in this State, you are now here to hear and try this case, according to the laws and evidence, and to give a true verdict on the issue as to whether the defendant has been guilty of any portion of the charges of adultery which are set forth in the complainant's bill.

We expect to prove, gentlemen, that this defendant is guilty, beyond all question or controversy. We expect, gentlemen, that we shall establish, by proof, not merely that this defendant has erred once, twice, three times, but we expect to introduce testimony from quite a number of witnesses, which will set forth to you, beyond all possible doubt that this defendant has been guilty of an adulterous course of conduct for about a year, commencing in the spring or summer of 1865, and that these acts were all committed in the city of Chicago, county of Cook, and State of Illinois. We expect to show to you, gentlemen, that during the year 1865, that this defendant was in the practice of visiting lewd women, in the city of Chicago, and having illicit intercourse with them. We expect, especially, gentlemen, to show that some time in the summer of 1865, upon an occasion which will be fully detailed to you by witnesses knowing the circumstances, that he visited a house of ill-fame in the city of Chicago, and, I believe, in the North division. We expect to show, gentlemen, that he borrowed money to pay his bills upon that interesting occasion, before he went. We expect to prove, gentlemen, that, having armed himself with the necessary funds, by effecting a loan, he proceeded to this house of ill-fame; that he selected one of the lewd women, and that he retired to one of the private bedrooms, when there they shut themselves in, in order to avoid interference; for it is not usual at these houses to carry on their business in broad daylight.

Gentlemen, we expect to prove, in addition to these instances which I have related, that he was in the habit of visiting and frequenting these houses of prostitution for some time prior to this instance; that, at all events, his visits to that house extended through a considerable period of time—how long I shall not be able to state definitely.—We expect to prove, in addition to that, gentlemen, that he had an illicit communication with some lewd women on the West Side, in the city of Chicago. What the woman's name was, at the house of ill-fame, I am not able to state. We expect to show that during the period spoken of—perhaps in 1865, and perhaps in 1866—we expect to prove to your satisfaction that, in addition to his illicit communication with this lewd house, he, also, had an illicit communication with some women upon the West Side; that he himself so stated. He had a "nice thing" on the west side, it will be proven that he stated. Speaking of this woman, this "nice thing," it will be proved that he said he had made her a present of a photograph album, and that he described the nature of his interviews and visits to this woman on the West Side in this city.

We expect to prove that, upon an occasion during the year 1865, he had illicit intercourse with a woman on the north side, at the Revere House, I believe; I am not certain as to the exact neighborhood. But we shall satisfy you, gentlemen, that, upon one occasion, he visited and remained, perhaps all night, on the north side, at the hotel, and I believe that hotel was the Revere House. We shall show that he described the thing to a companion, and told him how finely he had to play in order to get out of the hotel and not be seen.

We shall prove that this defendant was guilty of an illicit intimacy with a lewd woman, called Rosetta or Roselia Dudley, on the South Side. We shall prove that that intimacy continued until some time in August, 1865, down to sometime in the latter part of the spring, or the forepart of the summer of 1866. We expect to show that he visited her house; we shall show you that she was a lewd woman; we shall show that he knew perfectly well, from the commencement, that she was a lewd woman; that he visited her sometimes two or three times a week, and sometimes four; that he would go sometimes in the daytime and sometimes in the night; that he was closeted with her in her room, or some bed-room in her house, from one to two hours. We shall show, gentlemen, that upon one and perhaps upon two occasions, he was seen in bed with these prostitutes. We shall show, gentlemen, by testimony unimpeached and unimpeachable, concerning which there is not the least shade of suspicion, that, upon one occasion, perhaps in the fall of 1865, he was found in the house of this Rosetta Dudley, very early in the morning, by a witness that will stand before you without a shadow of suspicion; it was a good witness by whom he was discovered; she lived a few doors off; the reason that she entered the house was, perhaps, the want of a match, or perhaps she wished to get the time of day. She, at that time, had no knowledge of the character of her neighbor. She ran in very unceremoniously; and there was the reverend gentleman, with nothing on but his pants and shirt; with his hair disheveled, and this Mrs. Dudley, nearly in her undress, building the fire. Stewart immediately made his apology, and retreated into the bedroom.

[CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.]

Domestic Criminal News.

Local Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12, 1867.

I was reading in your paper an article upon Robt. Sampson, alias Geo. Henderson, who was arrested at Long Branch. As I know him better than you, for the benefit of the readers of your paper, I shall give you a sketch of his life as a thief. The first I heard of him was in July, 1861; he was then in a regiment of Regulars stationed at Nashville, and Acting Orderly Sergeant. He robbed a Colonel Stepping at the St. Cloud Hotel of $2,000 and his watch. From there he went to Louisville, and was with the party that robbed the Adams Express. He then went up the Ohio to Cincinnati, and was engaged in "working" the hotels of that city—the Burnett principally, and having been arrested on suspicion, he was turned loose, as nothing could be proved against him. He left Cincinnati, Ohio, soon afterwards, and proceeded to Albany, N. Y. From Albany he came to New York, and was arrested at the Revere House, but got out on condition of joining the army. He enlisted in Col. Wm. H. Allen's regiment, got promoted to a sergeantcy, and was reduced for picking a comrade's pocket of $280. He then deserted the regiment, came again to New York, where he, in one week's time, incredible as it seems, jumped four bounties without leaving the city. He left New York under the name of Henry McCleland, and went to Philadelphia, where he fell in with a gentleman from Virginia, whom he robbed of $2,800 in Virginia money. He pursued his journey without any molestation until he came to Cincinnati, and there he was arrested in company with a man named Joe Butts, another of the same stamp. They paid their percentage and got out of "sturbin." McCleland next went to St. Louis, where he figured very conspicuously, and put up at the Planter House; this was in 1862. While there he made the acquaintance of a Captain Stepping at the Everett, whom he induced to go out riding with him, and "went through" this gentleman, from whom he took a large amount. He then went to Memphis, and fell in with a lot of St. Louis and New Orleans thieves, with one of whom (Humphrey Davis) he left Memphis, and went to St. Paul, where there was a panic among the banks on account of the Rebels, led under Price and Marmaduke. There were four men guarding the treasure, and yet Davis and McCleland secured it. But there was such a fuss made that Pat. Egan got it from Davis and McCleland, and they were to get a portion by giving it up. McCleland now went to St. Louis, and was "pinched" for "beating" the planters. He was tried, and lawyer Gantz, of St. Louis, got him "turned up." McCleland went East after that adventure. He was next arrested at Chicago on charges from the Sherman House; Mat. Duffey induced him to plead guilty, under eighteen years of age, and that got him six months to the Bridewell; McComas was his lawyer. He passed from the Bridewell to the Armory to enlist, but did not stay with them twenty-four hours. The next I heard of him he was staying at the Continental, Philadelphia, under the name of Vale. He was arrested and gave the name of DeForest, and got nine months in the walls of Moyamensing; he served his time, and came to this city. He went as a substitute for a Mr. Voorhees, was sent to Heart's Island, and was there recognized as being in different New York regiments. He was detained in the guard-room for seven weeks, and had his picture taken, which, I dare say, adorns that collection known as the Rogue's Gallery, (and visiting Heart's Island, when I was in New York, I beheld it).—DeForest was the name he gave; he was taken to Facing Station, North Carolina, and "beat" it in front of the enemy, which was very daring, for he was in New York in about four weeks. In the meantime he visited all the principal cities of the South; he was arrested in New York and got one year; through the influence of his friends, he was released at the expiration of his time, and was arrested at Long Branch by a Government detective by the name of White, (who had arrested him before while in Jersey,) together with a man by the name of Walter Sheridan, and Green, alias Powers, and another by the name of Monday Jackson. He gave the name of George Henderson. They robbed one M. Lamorcier, a wealthy Frenchman, stopping at the Branch, of $34,800 in diamonds and bonds, as I was informed. He came to the Branch a second time, and was "copped." While in prison they pretended not to know each other at Freehold, for it was made up between them to keep dark, and Henderson kept the "cue." Jackson put him up to stuff the attorney and Frenchman and a gentleman from Washington, named Mr. Wood, Chief of the Secret Service. He did it well; he was called as a witness, and, of course, he had never seen Jackson, nor was at Long Branch. One of my men was at Freehold, and they say they never saw such a ludicrous face as the prosecuting attorney put on. He played his part to admiration while in Freehold. As I see announced in your paper, he made his escape and was brought back.

Henderson, alias Sampson, is a fine-looking young man, five feet ten and a-half inches in height, fair complexion and dark brown eyes, black hair; his age is twenty-one years. As the above is authentic, I insert my name and residence. I am now in New York for a few days.

Yours, respectfully, PATRICK WINTERS,
Late Chief of Memphis.

ANOTHER ILLINOIS TRAGEDY.

A Man Chokes his Wife to Death.

ESCAPE OF THE MURDERER.

PARTICULARS OF THE BRUTAL DEED.

Cairo (Ill.) papers of a recent date recount one of those shocking tragedies that chill the blood upon a perusal of their details. Truly, the carnival of crime continues its loathsome orgies, and the journalist's pen must run glibly to keep pace with the bloody progress of the monster.

From a Cairo journal of the 3d inst. we quote as follows, viz: Wm. Handley, or as he is sometimes called, Wm. Sharp, murdered his wife yesterday morning at the boarding house of Mr. Sullivan, on Nineteenth street, by choking her to death. The murderer and his victim were comparatively little known in this city. He had been here some time, and for a while worked at the Cairo Docks, but it was conjectured by those who knew him best that his real business was counterfeiting. He was irregular in his habits, and mysterious in his movements, and altogether was not regarded by his acquaintances as a valuable citizen.

He had not been at any regular work for some time, and a few days ago he gave up his house where they were living, on Ninth street, and he and his wife took up their board and lodging at the above named Sullivan's. There had been nothing in Handley's conduct, previous to that fatal night, to excite any apprehension that he for a moment contemplated the revolting crime which he perpetrated. On the night of New Year's day, the different members of Sullivan's family heard considerable contention, or, rather, quarreling by Handley at his wife, the difference appearing to be that he wanted to go to Mound City and she did not.

Yesterday morning Mr. Sullivan, on going his usual rounds to wake up his boarders, noticed that the door to the room occupied by Handley and wife was open, and Mrs. Handley lay across the bed, with her clothes much in confusion. He immediately went down stairs and requested Mrs. Sullivan to go up and see if there was not something the matter with Mrs. Handley. Mrs. Sullivan at once went to the room and found Mrs. Handley dead. The alarm was given and search made for Handley, but he had made his escape, and up to the present time no definite trace of the murderer has been found; although it is supposed he is probably secreted in the woods north of here.

The scene presented when our reporter entered the room was shocking in the extreme. The poor woman had not undressed, and it was supposed they had set up while Handley was nursing his murderous designs and warming up his fiendish resolves to the sticking point, by abusive quarreling, and when all was quiet in the house, and the world slept, there alone, with no eye upon him but that of the doomed and hapless victim, and the eye of Him who sees all, he sprang, with the agility and ferocity of a wild beast, at her throat, and never loosened his first fatal grip till the murderous work was completed. There were no signs of a struggle around the room; there lay on every hand the evidences of woman's order and thoughtful care, even the bed on which the dead woman lay had been but little disturbed, and only when one looked at the protruding tongue, distended eyes, and distorted features of the murdered woman, did the full reality reveal itself.

Coroner Cochran was at once called to the scene, a jury summoned, and all that could be elicited from witnesses was detailed before them. There was no doubt upon the mind of either juryman or spectator as to who was the murderer, and they promptly returned a verdict accordingly. The following is the evidence as given before the jury of inquest:

Bridget Sullivan sworn—I got up this morning at half-past four; William Handley came down in a few minutes; he came down the back way; my husband had been up-stairs waking up boarders, and came down and told me something was wrong with Mrs. Handley, and to go up and see her; I went up and found her lying across the bed, dead.

Mr. Sullivan sworn—Corroborated the above, and stated that there had been considerable disputing between Handley and wife about going to Mound City; he had known Wm. Handley for some time.

The following is the verdict of the jury:

We, the jury, find that deceased, Mrs. Handley, came to her death by strangling or choking, inflicted by the hands of her husband, Wm. Handley, on the night of the 1st inst.

DANIEL JORDAN, Foreman.

Bloody Tragedy at Rock Island.

A WOMAN JUMPS FROM A SECOND-STORY WINDOW.

HER HUSBAND SHOOTS HER FATALLY.

In a Rock Island (Ill.) paper of the 5th instant, we find the subjoined particulars of a terrible domestic tragedy occurring at that place:

About nine o'clock this morning, Frank Burger, keeper of the "New Postoffice saloon," on Eagle street, nearly opposite the new post-office, shot his wife with a double-barreled shot-gun. City Marshal Cropper had possession of the gun, and had the man in jail before the barrel of the gun had cooled.

The building is a two-story wooden one, and at the rear of it there is a stairway, at the foot of which is a side-door opening upon the alley. Mrs. Burger was coming down this stairway to come out at the alley door. At the foot of the stairs there is also a door opening into the saloon, opposite the end of the bar. As she came to the foot of the stairs, opposite this door, Burger seized his gun, which stood at the end of the bar, and shot her. The charge struck her in the back, near the spine, carrying away a large portion of flesh and a portion of the shoulder-blade. Part of the charge glanced off and lodged in the wall, knocking off the plastering and spattering the wall and stairway with blood and pieces of flesh. The balance of the charge passed into or through her lungs and remained in the body.

She fell into the corner of the landing, at the foot of the stairs, where a great pool of blood can now be seen; but soon recovered and ran out into the alley, and then into the street in front of the saloon, screaming, and there she fell, helpless. She was carried to the adjoining house, and several physicians called, but all agreed that she could not recover, though she is alive now, (3 P.M.,) as we write.

The parties had never lived happily together, and it is said that Burger had often used violence upon her, and had frequently, since their marriage, threatened to shoot her. He has been a hard drinker, and, when in liquor, which was nearly all the time, he was very quick-tempered and quarrelsome. When sober (which was rare) he was esteemed a clever fellow.

Since writing the foregoing, we learn that Mrs. Burger jumped from a second story front window of the saloon, down upon the sidewalk, last evening, about eight o'clock, to escape from him. He had taken his own bed down into the saloon and put it under the stairs. He threatened then to kill her, and when she heard him coming up-stairs with his gun, she jumped out of the window, injuring herself considerably, and fled to a neighbor, where she remained over night. This morning she had gone up-stairs, unbeknown to him, to see her children, and as she was leaving he shot her.

Execution of John G. Robertson, at Stafford Court House, Va.

On Friday, the 28th ult., thousands of persons flocked to Stafford Court House, Va., to witness the execution of the brutal murderer, John G. Robertson, who, on the 26th of August last, in cold blood, deliberately killed an old man named Limerick, together with his wife. The diabolical deed having been consummated, he robbed their house, which he afterward burned, with the view of concealing his enormous crime. For a while he succeeded in eluding the officers of the law, but some indiscreet actions on his part led to his detection. The scene of the murder was in Stafford county, but a few miles distant from this city. The main evidence against him, though purely circumstantial in its character, was that he was tracked to within a short distance of Limerick's house on the day of the murder, and that, a short time before midnight, he crossed a ferry, requesting the ferryman not to divulge the fact that he had crossed. He also spent some silver coin which was recognized as the property of the murdered people.

These were the facts that mainly led to his arrest, and, finally, to his conviction. He was tried in the Circuit Court, and there sentenced to be hung by the neck until dead for having perpetrated the crime. He appeared to receive his sentence coolly. Shortly after his conviction he confessed that he had fortified himself with some whisky, and then proceeded to Limerick's residence. With a plausible story he induced the old gentleman to accompany him a short distance from the house. He then commenced his fiendish work by stepping behind the old man and cleaving his skull with an axe. Leaving his victim by the roadside, he went back to the house, and in a similar manner took the life of Mrs. Limerick. After this he proceeded to ransack the house, and obtained $800 from a trunk.—Setting fire to the house, he started for Fredericksburg, and crossed the ferry, as the ferryman testified. He asserted that he had planned the crime, and determined to carry it out long before he actually committed it. In addition to this he confessed that he had participated in other heinous crimes. He was but 24 years of age and married but two weeks to a most interesting lady when he committed the atrocious murder.

THE CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY AT NEW ULM, MINN.

The Remains of the Murdered Men Found in the River.

The Bodies Shockingly Mutilated.

INTERESTING TESTIMONY AS TO THE MURDER.

In our last issue we published, so far as ascertained at the time, the particulars of the atrocious acts of mob violence at New Ulm, Minn., on the 25th ult., whereby two young men named Campbell and Liscom were most brutally murdered, their bodies shockingly hacked and then thrust under the ice on the adjacent river.

At our last writing the remains of the unfortunate victims of bloodthirsty passion had not been discovered. Since then they have been brought to light, as will be seen from the following correspondence of a Chicago paper, dated Mankato, Jan. 1st, 1867.

The writer says: The bodies were found on Sunday, 30th ult., by ten or fifteen citizens of the town, mostly returned soldiers. They were in the river under the ice, as suspicioned. They were taken out on the Nicholson county shore in the evening, and a messenger dispatched to St. Peter for a Coroner. As there was none in the county, the boys were advised to bring them here, where they arrived on Monday evening. The boys watched the bodies on the prairie all night, the thermometer below zero. On Sunday evening the Sheriff of Brown county came over and demanded them. The request was denied. In company with Mr. Shillock and others, he came again on Monday morning, but was told by Captain Holmes that they could get them with those of himself and party.

The post mortem examination took place to-day. Campbell's body shows sixteen wounds, eight of which are fatal, and any one would produce death. His right hand is cut off at the wrist, and his right leg at the knee.

That of Liscom contains eighteen wounds—one a fracture of the skull, the bone being depressed half an inch; three stabs penetrated the heart sack, two the heart, three the middle lobe of the right lung, and one the liver.

The subjoined testimony, which fully portrays the horrors of the bloody deeds, was elicited on the examination of Martin Hose, of New Ulm, who was arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in the murders.

The first witness sworn was Mr. Horace Patrick, who resides in Leavenworth township, Brown county, and was one of the men who came to New Ulm with Cambpell and Liscom, the two murdered men. Mr. Patrick testified that Campbell and Liscom, the murdered men, were trapping at Wait's Lake, Leavenworth township, Brown county. They intended to leave that place on Monday, the 24th, but being a cold day, they deferred it until Tuesday (Christmas), Mr. John Morrill and witness started with them, and the intention of the men was to come through to Mankato. They brought down their furs, consisting of 146 rat skins. We arrived at New Ulm about 2 o'clock; boys got out above the tavern, and witness drove team to stable; loaned Liscom $5 until he could sell his furs; Campbell said he wanted to buy a cap, and went with Liscom to a clothing store; Liscom said he had no use for the money, but that he would loan it to Campbell, who took it, and bought a cloth cap with part of it. Witness met them, and the three started up town to find Merrill; as they were passing a saloon, Campbell proposed that they should go in and take a drink; witness and Campbell drank whisky, Liscom poured out some in a glass, and as the other two drank he tipped the glass to his lips, and then turned the contents out on the floor, remarking, "boys, this is the way I drink." They went out, and the boys sold their furs to Messrs. Vijean & Bro.; found Merrill, and all four went to National Hall Saloon, kept by Zehr & Houenstein; Liscom asked witness to join them in a game of cards, but he declined, saying the others might play and he would stand his share of the expense; they played one game and called for drinks; all drank but Liscom, who again turned his liquor on the floor; Liscom said he could talk any kind of language—Indian or any other; Liscom said he had been among the Sioux and knew their language, dances, etc. John Spinner was in the saloon, and asked Liscom for a scalp dance, saying that he would drum, and got an old tin kettle; Campell and Liscom danced, had knives in their hands, and in the dance would imitate the Sioux manner of scalping each other; when got through, barkeeper spoke to Liscom and asked him to pay for the drinks. Liscom said he would pay for the four drinks he ordered, but all the men in the saloon having come up to the bar and drank at the same time, he refused to pay for them; there were 15 or 20 in the saloon; the amount in dispute was 75 cents; while Liscom and the barkeeper were talking, witness went up to the bar and laid down 75 cents, so as to avoid any trouble; supposing that the matter was settled, witness and Merrill said that they would go to the stable and unharness their horses, the party having concluded to remain at New Ulm until next morning; they had been gone about half an hour, when the hostler told witness that one of his men had killed Spinner, and that he had been hung by the crowd, and that they were going to hang the other; witness hurried to the saloon to inquire about the matter, and as he opened the door some one pushed him back, and told him if he did not go away they would serve him as they had served the others; he then started for the jail, met three or four men carrying or dragging a man he understood was the deputy sheriff; the deputy was trying to get away from them; next met a German who advised him to go back, or the crowd might shoot him; went along further and met four or five men, who also advised him to go back; told them he had harmed no one, and was bound to go and see about the bodies; when he got to the jail about dusk, found the bodies hanging behind the jail; they were suspended by means of ladders leaning against the wall, and by means of a rope passed over one of the rounds; bodies were between the ladders and the wall, and about two feet from the ground; Liscom was nearest to the corner and saw his body first; he had on a pair of pants, and a striped shirt or coat over the pants; was barefooted, and literally a gore of blood; next saw Campbell hanging about six feet from Liscom and nearest to the wall; Campbell was naked, excepting a small piece of his shirt around his neck; he was also covered with blood; there was only one man present, and he had his back towards me, taking the handcuffs off Campbell's wrists; had unlocked the left wrist, and was unlocking the right one; was rather a tallish man; he wore black coat and black wool hat; did not recognize him; was still there when witness went away; on his way back he met a man he knew was not a German; asked him if he was a coward; answered that he was not; then asked him to go back to see the bodies; went back; the other man had gone; while there two men passed in the direction of Turner Hall; told the man, whose name was Owens, of Butternut valley, to satisfy himself; stayed about half a minute.

Then went to the Dakota House; met Mr. Whiting, who advised him to stay in the house, or he might be injured; stayed there about an hour, then started out alone, and went to the jail; as he passed saw that the bodies were cut down and lying on the ground; then went to his boarding house and went to bed.

The next I saw of Liscom was with two men apparently supporting him going towards the jail. Am not postive that I saw the other, but saw a man I supposed to be him. He was in such a disfigured condition I could not recognize him. Next there was a great excitement, everybody running toward the jail. Saw 125 to 150 persons running in that direction. Went to the jail ten or fifteen minutes after Liscom passed. Saw a great many men there and much confusion, but could not understand what they were talking about. Were talking German. Was there but a short time. Saw one man trying to get the crowd in a line, suppose to take a vote as to what they should do. Some got into line. Went around to the back of the jail, but nothing was going on there. Went again to the front. Saw a man go to the wood-pile and take a round stick about two inches in diameter. Went from there to the Turner's Hall, about twenty rods distant, next saw a man brought out of jail with a rope around his neck, could not tell whether he was walking or whether he was supported by others; as he came out the man who took up the cord wood struck him on the head; was nearly naked; might have had a shirt on; when struck he fell to the ground and the crowd gathered around him, so that I could not see him; Next saw the crowd dragging him by a rope placed around his neck, and jerk him; should think it was the small man, (Liscom,) dragged him out 50 feet from the building and then around to the back of the jail. I then started to go to town, and in passing, saw them dragging out in the same way another man, I thought to be the larger one. I went back of jail; the crowd dragged this body there, and I saw them pull it up the ladder; he had some clothes on. The small man was also hanging there by a rope, on a short ladder leaning against the building. There were about 75 men in the crowd; they were talking apparently in German; saw a few persons dressed in soldiers' clothes. I recognized persons in the crowd I knew by sight, but do not remember their names, they lived in New Ulm. I recognized quite a number of men I had seen before. Did now know the man I saw forming the crowd into line. Did not see the prisoner, Martin Hose, at the saloon or at the jail; knows the prisoner.

The witness then stated that there were men at the jail that he recognized, and named six or seven prominent citizens of New Ulm. We withhold their names for the present.

He then continued: the outside door of the jail was open when I first went there, and the men named were talking with the crowd. The witness saw and recognized a man whom he named, go to a wood pile, and picked up a cord wood stick of wood, about two inches in diameter and round. He afterwards saw the same man strike Campbell over the head with the stick, as he came out of the jail door, felling him to the ground. He described the man as wearing a white shirt, without coat or vest, and that he was the only man there dressed in that manner. Saw the blow struck and heard the sound where he was, at the Turner's Hall, fifty yards distant; did not hear Campbell make any noise when struck. All this occurred in daylight and by the time the last one came out it was sun down. When the first prisoner was brought out, about three or four men had hold of the rope. He, witness, saw a man apparently stabbing Campbell after he was hung up. The man was dressed in soldiers' clothes. Saw a soldier afterwards in a saloon, his hands covered with blood. Couldn't say whether it was the same. The soldier saw in the saloon wore a cap, marked "Co. H. 10th." He was about 20 or 22 years of age, pale looking, long faced, and a small man. Palmer Lee, who lives 40 miles above New Ulm, was in the saloon. The soldier talked to Lee in German. Lee said he did not understand that Language. The soldier then said in English that they had been killing a couple of Indians. Lee asked what the Indians had been doing, and the soldier replied that the Indians had killed a German. One man seen back of the jail is a carpenter, and lives in New Ulm. Witness would know the soldier if he saw him again.

James Doty sworn: Lives in Courtland township, Nicolet county, and was in New Ulm on Christmas day; saw the trappers after the row at the saloon, just as they were leaving, and about a half hour after we went out. I met the trappers going from the saloon. Other men were taking them along. There were about 25 men in and about the saloon, and they seemed to be much excited. Did not see any person armed with weapons. One of the trappers was walking away under guard a man on each side of him. It was the largest man (Campbell). He was bareheaded and somewhat bloody about the face. The small man (Liscom) was badly bruised. He was bareheaded, and one side of his face was badly bruised. He could not walk without assistance of two men. His right eye was full of blood—I could not see it. As they helped him along he cried "Boys, protect me." He said it two or three times. He said it as if calling for help—as if pretty well exhausted. His coon skin overcoat was still on his back, and it was very bloody about the shoulders. He had on a pair of wristlets made of rat skins. I did not know any of the men leading the trappers away.

After the doctor announced the death of Spenner, the crowd started for the jail. There were from 75 to 100 men in the crowd. The prisoners had time to reach the jail before the crowd started. There was great confusion at the jail. I saw the crowd take away two men supposed to be the sheriff and the deputy. The jail and court house are in the same building—the west side is occupied as a jail. Saw the crowd running in and out, but witness did not go into the building. Went to Turner's Hall from the jail—John Coffin and Geo. Lathrop were with me. The sheriff and deputy were trying to get back—two men around one and three or four about the other. Next saw a man led out with rope around his neck. He appeared to be standing when he came to the door. As soon as he reached the door a man struck him with a stick. Struck him about the head—appeared to be a pole. The man who struck the blow had on a white shirt, but without coat or vest. As soon as he had struck the blow the crowd surrounded the prisoner. I was about 15 or 25 rods distant. I saw the prisoner afterwards—he had no clothes on except a shirt or vest around his waist. Thought this was the smallest man. Saw the crowd jerk the man on the ground, and three to five men took hold of the rope and dragged him around to the back part of the jail. Started to go down to town, but only got a short distance when I saw 6 or 8 men come rushing out of the jail. A good many were standing outside. They dragged the second man by a rope around his neck. They gathered around him when they got a little ways from the door. He was not standing; was dragged out by the neck. Did not notice any signs of life. Four or five men took hold of the rope and dragged him to the back side of the jail. He had on all his clothes except his hat. When I saw them drag this man out, went back of jail. Saw the crowd drag this man up over a ladder. Did not struggle as he was drawn up.

Soon after they drew him up, saw a man step up and make motions as if stabbing him. Think he had on soldier's clothes. There were 75 or 100 men back of the jail. Some were taking part in the hanging and others were looking on. Saw no one try to prevent the hanging.

MURDER AND ROBBERY IN MISSOURI.

An Aged Citizen Shot Dead in his Bed Room, and his Wife Dangerously Wounded.

THE HOUSE RIFLED—THE ASSASSIN ESCAPES.

About 7 o'clock on the evening of the 2d inst., says a late Paris, (Mo.) paper, Mr. Wm. Vandeventer, an aged and most estimable citizen of this county, residing about ten miles southeast of this place, was brutally murdered at his own fireside, and his wife dangerously wounded, by some unknown fiend in human shape. At the time, Mr. Vandeventer was sitting beside a stand near the fire, engaged in looking over some memorandums, with his back towards the door which entered into his room from the porch in front; his wife was lying on the bed in the same room. While thus situated, and perhaps not dreaming of any one doing him any bodily harm, some person stealthily approached the outer door of his room with a pistol in hand, and, taking aim through a window glass in the sash of the door, shot Vandeventer in the back of the head, the ball passing through and lodging in the forehead, killing him almost instantly. As soon as he fell, his wife went to him and endeavored to raise him up; and as she did so, the murderous and heartless wretch partly opened the door and shot her, the ball taking effect in the side of the face, and, passing through above the tongue, lodged against the skin on the other side, producing a very dangerous wound. A negro man then entered the room, and demanded of her $500; she told him there was not that much money in the house; but if he would spare her life and place her on the bed, and then call the black woman from the kitchen to procure the keys, she would direct him to all the money she had; he did so; the negro woman was called, but she, failing to find the keys, the man broke open the bureau with a stick of wood, and robbed it of all the money he could find, then directed the negro woman to take the pocketbook out of Mr. Vandeventer's pocket; on receiving it, left the house. There was no one about the house at the time but this negro woman; but there was a family of negroes living in a cabin a little distance off. Mrs. Vandeventer directed the woman to call the man from the cabin; he came; they were so frightened that she could induce neither the man or woman to give the alarm to the neighbors; but telling them that she would certainly die, and if they did not bring some of the neighbors in before she did die, that they would be charged with her and her husband's murder, they finally concluded to go to the nearest neighbor and inform him of the occurrence. The neighbors came—a physician was sent for, and Mrs. Vandeventer's wound dressed, and the ball extracted from her face; and the body of Mr. Vandeventer prepared for burial.

On the news reaching this place, the next morning, a number of citizens repaired to the scene of murder—found the people of the neighborhood perfectly terror-stricken, and apparently at a loss to know what course to pursue in order to ferret out the murderer or murderers. Some steps, however, were taken in the premises, which we hope may result in bringing the guilty to justice. A reward of $500 has been offered for the apprehension of those concerned in the diabolical deed. It seems to be the general impression that there were two or three persons engaged in the affair, one party doing the shooting and the other doing the robbing. At last accounts Mrs. Vandeventer was doing well, and hopes are entertained of her recovery.

Criminal Items.

A horrible murder was perpetrated on the steamer T. L. McGill, on Friday, the 4th inst, while lying at New Madrid, Missouri. An old man named A. Wilson, from Illinois, who got aboard the boat during the night previous, took great offence at a fellow passenger, named Brown, who wore a grey coat. Some passengers called the latter a rebel in consequence of the color of his wearing apparel. Yesterday morning while the boat was lying at the landing, Mr. Wilson loaded a shot gun and went on the hurricane deck, and levelled the gun at Mr. Brown, who was at that time conversing with Mr. Lankford, of Atlanta, Ga. But as he was in the act of firing, Mr. Brown stepped aside, and Mr. Lankford received the shot in the head, killing him instantly. Wilson then raved like a maniac, saying that he had done God a service by killing a rebel. One of the passengers attempted to arrest him, when he attempted to fire again, and several shots were fired at him, wounding him mortally.

A serious and tragical affair occurred on Christmas night, at a dance near Lewiston, which resulted in the death of a young man named Christopher Lenhart. Lenhart was drunk and very quarrelsome, and at length made an attack upon another young man, named Robert Hill, striking him over the head with a pistol, and thereupon Hill drew a revolver and shot Lenhart dead upon the spot, the ball passing through the head. Hill, the evening before, was at a dance at a house across Spoon river, where some difficulty occurred, and two young men, one of them a son of Durham Brown, made an attack upon Hill, and he drew a knife and stabbed them both, one of them severely. It is not stated whether Lenhart was at this dance or not, or whether the first difficulty led to the second.

Week before last, says a recent Richmond, Va., paper, John S. Leathers, a member of a family well known to our police authorities, was found dead in his back yard at Screamersville. His death was caused by a bullet wound in the left breast, but no further information was elicited by the coroner's jury, which returned a verdict of "came to his death at the hands of some person unknown." Suspicion, however, points to a soldier with whom Leathers had a difficulty some months ago, and also one on the night of the murder. L.'s brother was some time ago killed in the same house, and his brother-in-law at another time, in the adjoining building, and the last victim is the third member of his family who has been murdered within a few years of the same.

On the night of the 20th ult., six men entered the house of Mr. J. W. P. Doyle, Hill County, Texas, killed him and his son Rufus, and then robbed the house of $1,400 in coin, some currency, and nine drafts for one hundred dollars each.

Jessee W. Burrows, who was tried last week in Charleston, Ill., for the murder of Neil McDonald, on New Year's night, one year ago, was found guilty of murder in the first degree.

George Schmidt, an Evansville, Ind., inebriate, attempted to slaughter his wife and family on the 2d inst., failing in which, he slit his own weasand with a butcher knife.

Isaac Yarbrough, Bedford Stokes and Boat Monroe, negroes, have been arrested for the murder of Samuel Rowlett, a young man who was a clerk for Mr. Wall, at his store at Meherrin depot, near Norfolk, Va. Mr. Rowlett was called up at night to give them a drink, and while getting a light for that purpose, was struck three blows on the head with an axe. He died almost instantly.

A negro named Reuben was arraigned in Glasgow, Kentucky, on the charge of murder. He had cruelly murdered his own son, a lad about twelve years of age, because he could not pull corn fast enough.

Two brothers named Horton, and a David Whitgot, pummeled a man by the name of Allen Church to death, a few days ago, in Middleburg, Clay county. One of the Hortons and Whitgot were arrested, and are now confined in jail on a charge of murder. The other Horton is still at large. The Hortons are desperate men; one of them is now serving out a life-term in the penitentiary for killing his own father.

A woman named Zoe, living near Pontiac, Ill., recently poisoned her husband, and eloped with another man. She is in jail.

A man named Huss shot his father-in-law, Campbell, in Quincy, Ill., on the 1st inst., inflicting a dangerous wound in the lungs. A trivial quarrel was the cause of the shooting.

Mr. Purvis Spears was murdered on Sunday night, 30th ult., in Warren county, Miss., by a gang of negroes, and his house burned after being sacked.

On New Year's day a man named John B. Wright got into difficulty at Preston, Ill. He was shot and has since died.

Bumgardner, who was a few days ago sentenced to be hung for the murder of Eubank, near Hill's Landing, Ohio, in September, has attempted to escape from the Marietta jail. He filed off his chain, and attacked the Deputy Sheriff with the ball, but was overpowered and returned to his cell after a desperate struggle.

Mr. J. W. Harris, of Carroll county, O., was chloroformed, gagged, tied and robbed of $6,750 in his house a few days since, by a gang of ruffians for whose capture $2,000 is offered.

Recently [illegible], editor of the Richmond (Mo.) [illegible], [illegible] and pistols [illegible] was forced to [illegible] retraction of a certain article in his paper.